

The Story of
Evangelina
Cisneros
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Told by  
Herself.

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HER RESCUE  
BY ~~~~~  
KARL DECKER  
INTRODUCTION BY  
JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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EVANGELINA CISNEROS









EVANGELINA CISNEROS.

THE STORY OF  
**EVANGELINA CISNEROS**

(EVANGELINA BETANCOURT COSIO Y CISNEROS)

TOLD BY HERSELF

HER RESCUE BY  
**KARL DECKER**

INTRODUCTION BY  
**JULIAN HAWTHORNE**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
**FREDERIC REMINGTON**  
**THOMAS FLEMING**  
AND OTHERS

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## PREFACE

**I**T was in response to the demand of the men and women of America that the *New York Journal* rescued Miss Cisneros from the power of Spain. It was a national demand that this young girl be saved from the infamies of Spanish prison life. The *Journal* has done its part. Miss Cisneros is now the ward of the American people.

Although the *Journal* has done its part, it does not intend to let the matter rest there. Miss Cisneros must be taken care of. A fund must be established for her support. The *Journal* believes it will meet the wishes of the true-hearted Americans, who demanded her release, if it affords them an opportunity to contribute to this fund.

It seemed best, too, that this young Cuban girl should not be forced to ask charity even of her American friends.

It was decided, therefore, to publish this book—in which Miss Cisneros herself tells the story of her imprisonment and rescue. Every copy sold will be sold for the benefit of Miss Cisneros.



# ILLUSTRATIONS

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JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S  
INTRODUCTION



## INTRODUCTION



JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

NOTHING in modern history can be exactly compared with this story; and few things in orthodox fiction either—if Realism be orthodox. Mr. Anthony Hope might have imagined it; and possibly he is regretting that he did not. We are indeed accustomed to finding truth stranger than fiction;

but it is a new sensation to find it also more romantic—more in the fashion of the Arabian Nights and the Gothic fairy-tales of Mediæval ages. The New Journalism has achieved many wonders; but nothing so wonderful as when its best representative, the *New York Journal*, conceived the idea of freeing an imprisoned maiden from a cruel tyrant, and carried the conception into successful realization through the agency of Mr. Karl Decker. No adventure of modern times has so appealed to the imag-

ination of the world; had the knight of La Mancha not been a Spaniard, and had the achievement been less splendidly practical, we might call it Quixotic. Possibly even the Spaniards themselves, when they have begun to forget that the Pearl of the Antilles ever belonged to them, and when they remember their own romantic and heroic exploits in the days of the Cid, may bring themselves to admit that the story of Karl Decker and Evangelina Cisneros can fitly take its place beside the most brilliant and moving of their ancient chronicles of daring.

With the telling of the story the present writer, of course, has nothing to do; it is told by the protagonists as only they could do it. But I may be permitted to observe that in its setting and background, in its *dramatis personæ*, in its dash, intrigue, and cumulative interest, it is almost ideally perfect. The desirable component elements are all present. A tropic island, embosomed in azure seas off the coast of the Spanish Main; a cruel war, waged by the minions of despotism against the spirit of patriotism and liberty; a beautiful maiden,



risking all for her country, captured, insulted, persecuted, and cast into a loathsome dungeon. None could be more innocent, constant and adorable than she; none more wicked, detestable and craven than her enemies. All is right and lovable on the one side, all ugly and hateful on the other. As in the old Romances, there is no uncertainty as to which way our sympathies should turn. The opposition is as clean and clear as between black and white. Such was the preliminary situation as the *Journal* found it.

There is nothing precipitate about the newspaper's action. We may liken it to that of some puissant prince of fairy legend, despatching a courteous but cogent message to the Ogre, calling his attention to the wrong done his captive, and demanding justice in her behalf. This message, though weighted with the names of the womanhood of America and England, and with those of many famous personages of the other sex, produced no noticeable effect upon the Ogre. He had made up his mind to torture and devour his victim in the wicked old ogreish way, and was not to be diverted

from his purpose by any considerations of civilized humanity.

At this point the realistic novelist would end his narrative, fearing he had already ventured too far. One must stick to probabilities; Congress sets the example of limiting its activities to diplomatic *pour-parlers*; and no one with any regard for the modesty of nature would dream of going any further. But fortunately for Evangelina Cisneros, the proprietors of the *Journal* would rather make a good thing real than debate whether or not so good a thing as Evangelina's rescue would be a probable incident.

The *Journal*, indeed, made but sparing allusions to the failure of its first effort; and hasty judges may have inferred that it had given up the enterprise. Yet, when one thought of it, there was something ominous in its very silence. It was a pregnant silence; it meant business; and—as the world now knows—the most surprising business that ever any newspaper was concerned in.

I was not in the least on the inside in this affair; I surmise very few persons were. But during the silence in question a young



MURDERING THE CUBAN WOUNDED.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



gentleman named Karl Decker received certain instructions, acted upon them with alacrity, and had transported himself to Havana before any of us had the ghost of a suspicion that anything was in the wind.

What he did there and how he did it, you will know when you have read this book. It was my fortune to be among the first to greet him on his return; and I had not long had my eyes on him, and listened to his quiet, low-voiced talk, before I understood that he was just the man to have rescued Evangelina Cisneros. You might pass him in the street without noticing that he was anything more than tall and good-looking; but a man must be a great deal besides that before he can perform such a feat as that which stands to Karl Decker's credit. He must be a man from every point of view.

He is, in fact, a young American of the best and oldest strain, with the Constitution in his backbone and the Declaration of Independence in his eyes. In spite of his quietness and modesty, his face shows boldness to the verge of rashness, and perhaps a little beyond that verge, upon occasion; but tempered with an abiding sense of humor

and sterling common-sense and sanity. Beyond his frank and simple bearing was conveyed the impression that here was one who could keep his own counsel: could hide a purpose in the depths of his soul, as a torpedo is hidden in the sea, and explode it at the proper moment in the vitals of his adversary. He had imagination to conceive, ingenuity to plan, coolness and resolution to carry out, and then—best of all—that wonderful power of belief in the possibility of the impossible which is the final cause of most of the memorable exploits of men. Of course he had the courage to risk his life—many men have that: but to risk it in such a long-drawn, hopeless way! We have to go back to Cushing, Paul Jones and Nelson to find any parallel to that. To show how much better truth is than fiction—even romantic fiction—we must bear in mind that the romantic novelist would in all probability have made the rescue successful at the first attempt, and thereby have lost the finest touch of the whole transaction. After a long and anxious period of preparation, we have the man keyed up to concert-pitch, tense and concentrated, his

soul forcing his body up to the supreme test and moment—and then somebody stirs down in the prison room, and the affair must be postponed. Four-and-twenty hours must drag by before the adventure can be resumed. During those interminable hours he must reflect that very likely the half-sawn bar has been noticed, and that when he gets back to his place on the roof he will find, not Evangelina, but the muzzles of half-a-dozen Spanish rifles peeping through the window. With that anticipation in his mind, in the radiant tropic moonlight, he must cross that awful little ladder again and make his way to the jaws of death. How can he do it? Does he himself know? He knows that he did do it; and probably he did it without the faintest idea of not doing it. It was just a newspaper assignment, that's all, which he had accepted, and which, as a matter of course, he would fulfil—or die! It might be more reasonable to put it the other way about: he would die—or fulfil it. Well, the miracle takes place; the Ogre is defrauded; the maiden is rescued; we hear the cab rattling over the pavements in the night—silence: she and

the hero have vanished into the unknown, and all is well. Another newspaper reporter has done his duty, and the managing editor permits himself a smile of satisfaction.

I must admit that one anxiety haunted me from the first: I was afraid that Evangelina would turn out to be less beautiful than had been alleged. In newspaperdom all women are presumed to be beautiful until they have been proved ugly; and it seemed to me that precisely because the ideal had been realized in all other respects there would be a break at this point, and that our heroine would outwardly at least fail to come up to the fairy-tale standard. Such was my lack of faith; and I did not deserve, therefore, to be so delightfully disappointed. No fairy princess could be more lovely than this fairy-like little Cuban maiden; her features have the delicate refinement only given by race; her eyes are liquid darkness, her smile flashes like light, expressions vibrate over her vivid face like the play of colors on the humming-bird; her movements are all grace and charm. She is a heroine worth daring an army of Ogres for, even for her own sake. But the



act which freed her has a significance far beyond its personal relation to Evangelina.

Perhaps I need not dwell upon this aspect of the case. It is obvious enough. An American newspaper has shown America what she ought to do. Evangelina is not the only Cuban woman whom Weyler, with the connivance of the Spanish Government, has outraged. On the contrary, she is the representative of them all. This whole nation has risen to welcome her from her captivity, and to honor her rescuer. We pronounce the deed good and righteous and well done. We feel that there are higher and worthier warrants for action than the stipulations of international law. We owe all that we are to liberty; and from those to whom much is given much shall be required. If we do not love liberty for others as well as for ourselves, we are not deserving of it. In the person of Evangelina Cisneros, Cuba appeals to us. With what grace can we receive the one and repel the other?

Julian Hawthorne



PROTESTS  
AND  
PETITIONS



## THE WOMEN OF AMERICA



MRS. DAVIS.

THE events that culminated in the rescue of Evangelina Cosio y Cisneros go to make up a story little less than wonderful.

Atrocities in Cuba had come to be the most commonplace of news. Every mail from the island brought tidings of murders, burnings and other outrages. Even when the victims were women, so accustomed had the world grown to such tales of horror, that little comment was occasioned. At intervals for a period of over a year through the Cuban news ran the story of one Cuban girl, who for alleged complicity in an uprising in the Isle of Pines had been cast into the foul prison for abandoned women in Havana.

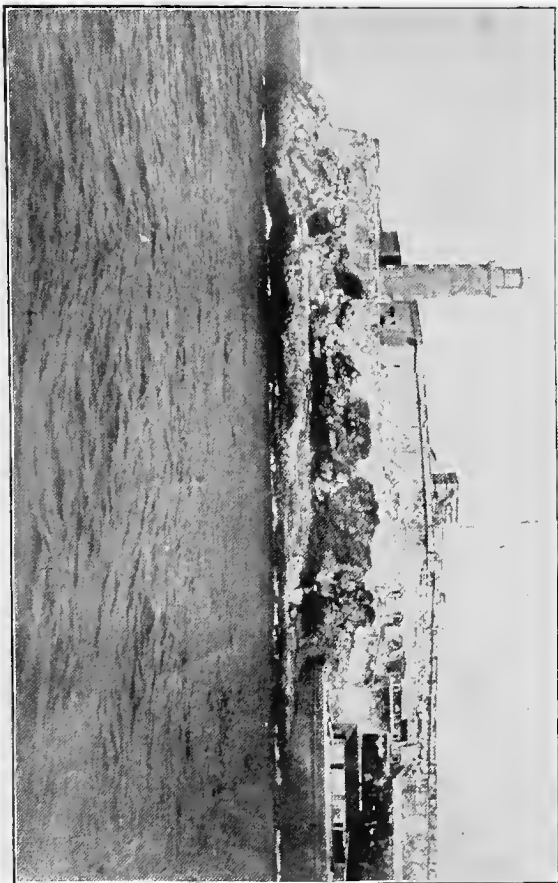
She was only eighteen years old, cultured, talented and beautiful, and the thing that made her case stand out among so many wrongs was that she was being persecuted,

not for any part she had taken in rebellion against Spain, but for resisting the insulting advances of a savage in Spanish uniform whose brutality had brought him well earned disgrace.

The *New York Journal* of August 17th, 1897, contained this message from a staff correspondent in Cuba:

"HAVANA, August 16th.—The trial of Evangelina Cosio y Cisneros for rebellion is concluded, but the court-marshal's verdict is withheld in accordance with the usual custom until it is approved by the Captain-General. The Fiscal at the opening of the trial demanded that she be sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in an African penal settlement. The withholding of the verdict is almost certain evidence of her conviction. Even the Spaniards in civil life here are horror-stricken at the idea of a young girl being condemned to the awful prison. There is very little chance of her escape from this fate. Public opinion has not the slightest weight with the military court that tried her."

This was followed by a statement of the girl's case and a short account of her life. Her relationship with the gentlest families in



MORRO CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE OF HAVANA HARBOR.





Cuba was explained, and some idea was given of what the fate, to which she was in all probability doomed, meant to a pure young girl who had been all her life tenderly guarded and cared for. Two of the girl's prison companions, Senora Agramonte De Sanchez and Senorita Maria Aguilar, told of her life in that hideous prison in Havana. These two ladies were political prisoners like Miss Cisneros.



EX-PREST. CISNEROS.

Mrs. Sanchez is seventy-two years old, but was locked up among the outcasts of Havana because her five sons occupied distinguished posts in the Cuban Army.

Miss Aguilar's offense was that her brothers were fighting Spain.

"When we were first put into *Recojidas*," said the old lady, "we saw this young girl among the awful women for whom the prison was originally intended. We called her to us, and learned from her own lips who she was. Evangelina was even then in the last stages of despair. She did not know why she was thrown into such a foul place, she,

who has been accustomed to civilization's gentlest and most refined ways. Even the food given her was unfit to eat. We saw she was a girl of intelligence and refinement, but with absolutely no experience—child that she was—and we sought to cheer and comfort her. We told her to stay by us whenever it was possible, and never to remain more than she had to among the other prisoners—women of the lowest character."

Miss Aguilar said Miss Cisneros still bore the marks on her wrists made by the handcuffs with which she had been manacled in the Isle of Pines.

Both of these ladies were horrified at the idea of a poor young girl's being sent to Africa, where she would be at the absolute mercy of Spain's worst criminals.

This presentation of the case of the hapless Cuban maiden awoke an immediate response. The women of America interested themselves at once, and through the *Journal*, put forth every effort to procure clemency for her. Almost the first of the noble women who came to her aid was Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the widow of the President of the

Confederate States. The *Journal* cabled her appeal to Madrid. It was as follows:

*"To Her Majesty Maria Cristina,  
Queen Regent of Spain:*

*"Dear Madam: In common with many of my country women I have been much moved by the accounts of the arrest and trial of Senorita Evangelina Cisneros. Of course, at this great distance, I am ignorant of the full particulars of her case. But I do know she is young, defenseless and in sore straits. However, all the world is familiar with the shining deeds of the first lady of Spain, who has so splendidly illustrated the virtues which exalt a wife and mother, and who has added to these the wisdom of a statesman and the patience and fortitude of a saint.*



QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

*"To you I appeal to extend your powerful protection over this poor captive girl—a child almost in years—to save her from a fate worse than death. I am sure your kind heart does not prompt you to vengeance, even though the provocation may have been great. I entreat you to give her to the women of America, to live among us in peace.*

*"We will become sureties that her life in future will be one long thank offering for your clemency.*

*"Do not, dear Madam, refuse this boon to us and we will always pray for the prosperity of the young King, your son, and for that of his wise and self-abnegating mother.*

*"Your admiring and respecting petitioner,*

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS.  
*August 18th, 1897.*

The same night that this was cabled Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," gave to the *Journal* an appeal to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.,

which the *Journal* immediately cabled to Rome:

*To His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.*

*Most Holy Father: To you, as the head of Catholic Christendom, we appeal for aid in behalf of Evangelina Cosío y Cisneros, a young lady of Cuba, one of whose near relatives is concerned in the present war, in which she herself has taken no part. She has been arrested, tried by court martial, and is in danger of suffering a sentence more cruel than death—that of twenty years of exile and imprisonment in the Spanish penal colony of Ceuta, in Africa, where no woman has ever before been sent, and where, besides enduring every hardship and indignity, she would have for her companions the lowest criminals and outcasts.*

*We implore you, Holy Father, to emulate the action of that Providence*



JULIA WARD HOWE.

*which interests itself in the fall of a sparrow. A single word from you will surely induce the Spanish Government to abstain from this act of military vengeance, which would greatly discredit it in the eyes of the civilized world.*

*We devoutly hope that your wisdom will see fit to utter this word, and to make not us alone, but all humanity, your debtors.*

*JULIA WARD HOWE.*

Mrs. Howe also addressed a call to all good men and true women of America, asking them to make this girl's cause their own. This the *Journal* published with Mrs. Davis' petition to the Queen and the appeal to His Holiness.

*TO ALL GOOD MEN AND TRUE WOMEN:*

*The deplorable events of the Cuban war seems to have reached their climax in the arrest and probably condemnation of one innocent young girl, Evangelina Cisneros, the niece of a prominent conspirator, but guiltless*

*herself of any act of rebellion against the Government of Spain. She has already suffered a degrading and undeserved imprisonment, and is now threatened with a sentence which would condemn her to wear out her young life in a penal colony whose discipline is administered with all the cruelty of which the Spanish war has shown itself capable.*

*How can we think of this pure flower of maidenhood condemned to live with felons and outcasts, without succor, without protection, to labor under a torrid sky, suffering privation, indignity and torment worse than death? Public opinion, it is said, cannot avail against this act of military vengeance—vengeance to be wreaked upon an innocent victim. To what and to whom, then, shall we appeal? To the sense of justice of the civilized world; to all good men and true women; to every parent to whom a child's honor is dear; to every brother who would defend a sister from outrage.*

*Let the protest ring throughout Christendom, and if this poor girl must meet this dreadful doom, let her know that the world's respect for the Spanish civilization will die before she does.*

*JULIA WARD HOWE.*

These ladies felt the most intense interest in the persecuted girl.

"Anything I can do," said Mrs. Davis, "I will willingly do to aid that unfortunate child. I am a mother, and my heart goes out to her."

The example of these two noble women fired the womanhood of America. The Woman's National Cuban League issued an appeal that was soon followed by many others.

At this time the *Journal's* only part had been to present the case of the unfortunate girl to the American public and to transmit to Spain the appeals of American ladies who had interested themselves in her behalf, but even this work of mercy roused the resentment of Captain General Weyler. Because of what the *Journal* had done he caused to be expelled from Cuba Mr. George



Eugene Bryson, the *Journal's* correspondent, who gave to the world the story of the secret trial of the young girl. The expulsion of its correspondent did not by any means interrupt the efforts of the *Journal*. The same day it received the news of Bryson's banishment it was able to transmit this eloquent plea from Mrs. John A. Logan to the Queen Regent :



MRS. LOGAN.

*Washington, Aug. 20, 1897.*

*Her Majesty Maria Cristina,  
Queen Regent of Spain.*

*In the name of Christianity I beg that you cause Evangelina Cosio Cisneros to be returned to her home and friends. Her innocence, the irregularity of her trial, the severity of her sentence of exile and imprisonment in the Spanish penal colony of Ceuta, in Africa, amid revolting and unhallowed surroundings, must appeal to your mother's heart. Her case has no parallel in modern times, and can only be compared to the atrocities inflicted upon*

*the Christians by order of Nero, whose butchery of the innocents is even to this day considered the most fiendish the world ever saw; the thought of them must be sickening to your gentle soul.*

*No offence committed by all the relatives of this young woman, still in her teens, can form any excuse for such brutal vengeance upon her. As I recall you, surrounded by your children, including the young Sovereign of Spain, with your sweet face uplifted in prayer in your church in Madrid, Easter-time, 1896, I cannot imagine so much cruelty in your heart as would be required to confirm such a sentence as that meted out to innocence like that of Senorita Evangelina Cisneros. On the contrary, I should expect you to find it hard to cause a just sentence to be carried out against a hardened criminal. So much tenderness and religious fervor beamed from your countenance that I shall expect to hear that you have listened to the prayers sent up in her behalf, and that you have ordered her release, and that right speedily, thereby adding another to your many beneficent and just acts. Your very name is synonymous with Christian-*

*ity. You have in your keeping the ruler of a nation, who will doubtless be guided by you for good or ill to his subjects. Your influence will unquestionably be such that they will rise up en masse and call you blessed. Such is the wish of the women of America, who would that peace might reign everywhere.*

*For God and humanity,*

*Yours respectfully,*

*MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.*

The religious sisterhoods now became interested and the Sister Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame and the Superior of the Order of the Visitation telegraphed the *Journal*, asking that their names be included in the petition to the Queen Regent.

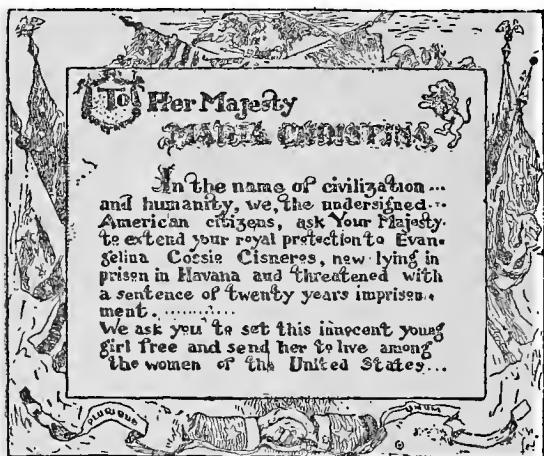
Accordingly a petition was draughted to bear the signatures of all the American women who wished to be represented in the plea for mercy.

The names of the highest women in the land were attached to this document.

Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the widow of the great general, was glad to sign her name.

Mrs. McKinley, the mother of the President, in affixing her signature, said:

"I am in profound sympathy with the movement of the American women to secure the release of Miss Cisneros, and hope and pray it will be successful. It is an outrage to send a woman to that awful place simply



THE PETITION.

because she is a woman true to her country, and it is doubly outrageous to exile her without something like a fair trial.

"The women of America can accomplish a great deal sometimes, and I can assure them they have my hearty endorsement and

prayers for success. I hope the Queen Regent will listen to the voices of the American women and her own conscience, and set the Cuban child free."

The daughter of another President, Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, the wife of Secretary of State Sherman, Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mrs. John G. Carlisle, Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett and a hundred others bearing famous names, were among the early signers to the petition, which, before the list was closed, contained the signatures of twenty thousand American women.

For a time it seemed as if these tireless efforts might result successfully.

On August 27, 1897, came the reply from Rome that the Pope had granted what had been asked of him. The message was as follows:

*ROME, Aug. 24, 1897.—The Pope, influenced by the petition cabled by the Journal for Julia Ward Howe and its thousands of signers, will recommend to Her Majesty Maria Cristina, the Queen-Regent of Spain, that special clemency be exercised toward Senorita Evangelina*

*Cosio Cisneros, the young Cuban girl now in prison at Havana.*

*His Holiness has taken a very deep interest in the fate of the fair young Cuban girl, and the Vatican will lose no time in making a papal recommendation of mercy to the Queen Regent of Spain.*

*This was to-day stated to the Journal correspondent in the Vatican by Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State. Cardinal Rampolla said:*

*"His Holiness, while disapproving of the Cuban insurrection, has never failed to counsel prudence and magnanimity by the Spanish Government toward its subjects in the island.*

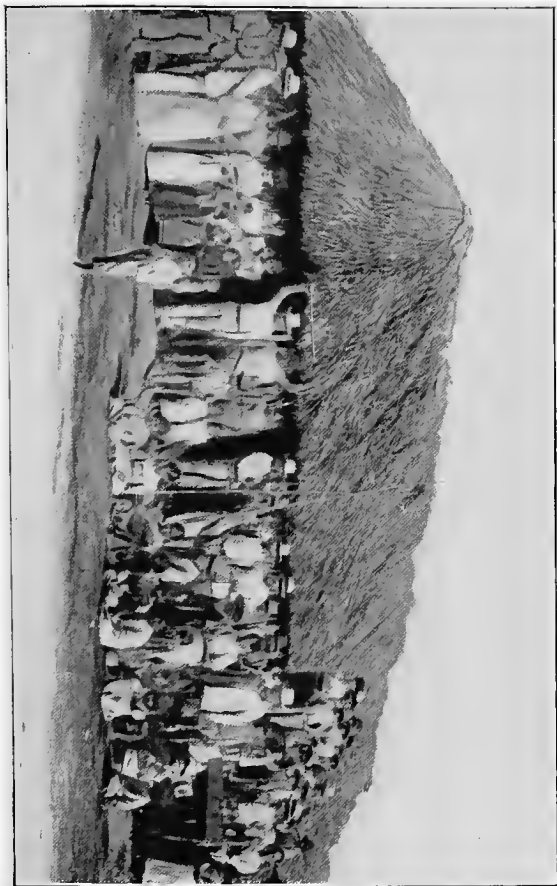


POPE LEO XIII.

*"His Holiness will," continued Cardinal Rampolla, "make a speedy recommendation of mercy to Her Majesty the Queen Regent, in behalf of Senorita Evangelina Cisneros."*

Mr. Hannis Taylor, the American Minister at Madrid, unofficially took great inter-

CUBAN REFUGEES WHO HAVE BEEN DRIVEN FROM THEIR VILLAGES.







est in the case and himself presented the appeals of Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Grant and the rest to the Queen Regent.

Meanwhile all America had become aroused. From every point in the Union came messages to the *Journal* expressing sympathy with the movement for the Cuban girl's deliverance and offers of assistance.

Then Captain General Weyler was heard from. Incensed by the movement in the girl's behalf, he cabled a brutal message defaming her and denying her right to sympathy. He even denied the facts of her trial and claimed that no demand had been made for a twenty years' sentence in her case. The *Journal's* Cuban correspondent promptly gave the lie to this statement.

He cabled:

"The papers in Miss Cisneros's case are in the Judge-Advocate's hands, accompanied by the Fiscal's claim of a twenty years' sentence in Ceuta. If the Judge approves the Fiscal's demand Weyler will surely indorse the sentence. That event could only be closed at Madrid upon the prisoner's appeal to the supreme tribunal of war or marine.

"That tribunal confirming the decision,

the Queen Regent's pardon alone can save the prisoner.

"I interviewed both the Fiscal and Judge-Advocate before leaving Havana. The Fiscal acknowledged that he had demanded a twenty years' sentence, and confirmed the *Journal's* statement. The case has already passed his jurisdiction to the Judge-Advocate's office."

The cause of the tremendous efforts against the girl was that her acquittal would mean the conviction of Col. Jose Berriz, nephew of the then Prime Minister of Spain and a favorite adjutant of Weyler. He had the girl charged, persecuted her with his evil attentions, when her father was a prisoner in his custody as Governor of the Isle of Pines. He had sought to force her to submit to him by making her father's liberty contingent on her compliance, and on one occasion had broken into her room at midnight to compel her to accede to his wishes, and thereby got himself well beaten by the prisoners who saved her from him. Even the ethics of the Spanish army could not ignore such brutality on the part of an officer. To save Berriz from disgrace all the machinery of the Spanish Government in

Cuba was put in operation to destroy the name and ruin the life of an innocent Cuban girl.

Depuy De Lome, the Spanish Minister at Washington, willingly aided Weyler in his unhallowed purpose. Going far beyond his functions as a diplomatic representative, he addressed letters and sent his agent to Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Sherman and others of the prominent women who signed the petitions to the Queen Regent, repeating to them the outrageous statement of Weyler, and adding to the falsehoods of the Captain-General's communications. As an answer to these the *Journal* produced witnesses who were present during the occurrences which preceded Miss Cisneros's arrest and brought to these ladies Cuban women of the highest position to testify to the girl's character and qualities.

De Lome's endeavors did not alienate one of Evangelina's friends. On the contrary it strengthened them in their purpose to aid the poor girl.

Meanwhile the agitation had attracted the attention of England. Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the great English temperance advocate, took up the work there, and soon petitions went

from London with the signatures of the officers of organizations representing two hundred thousand women, among whom were all those most prominently identified with reform and temperance work in Great Britain.

The petitions of the women and the intercession of the Pope had its effect at Madrid. The Queen Regent, through the Duke of Tetuan, sent a request to Weyler to remove the girl from her awful surroundings and place her under the control of one of the religious sisterhoods in Havana and to expedite her trial and grant her what clemency he could.

That was all the *Journal* had been working for. It thought then its effort had been accomplished, but it was mistaken. The defense of Berriz weighed more with Weyler than did the request of his Queen. Instead of sending the girl to a convent he kept her in the prison for abandoned women and made her confinement more rigorous by placing her *incommunicado*.

Word reached America that the Spaniards were endeavoring to get testimony on which to convict her by bribing other Isle of Pines prisoners with the promise of liberty. There

was no hope for Evangelina Cisneros through the ordinary channels.

Then it was that the *Journal* felt justified in determining on her release by other means, so it sent Karl Decker to Cuba to set her free, and how nobly he acquitted himself of his difficult and dangerous assignment the whole world knows.





KARL DECKER'S  
STORY OF THE RESCUE





## CHAPTER I.

### WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.



THE forcible liberation of Miss Cisneros was not conceived in a moment nor its execution decided upon without long and serious deliberation. This final plan was not taken up, until all others had failed. For months the *Journal* had worked unceasingly to secure the liberty of this unfortunate girl.

The hatred of Weyler and his determination to cause Evangelina Cisneros to suffer fully for all the humiliation she had brought upon Berriz, through her successful effort to defend herself against his brutal attempt upon her honor, made hopeless any attempt to secure her liberation through ordinary means. The Queen Regent interested herself in the case to the extent of writing to Weyler to use clemency toward the girl, but

his reply was such as to cause the Queen to discontinue her attempt in the girl's behalf.

He claimed that at the trial, which was rapidly approaching, he would clearly show that Evangelina had been guilty of conspiracy against Colonel Berriz, having for purpose the capture of that officer and the liberation of all the prisoners on the Isle of Pines.



GENERAL WEYLER.

During the latter part of August and the early part of September Weyler freed nearly fifty of the prisoners who had been held captive for fifteen months in Cabanas. Many of these creatures, given their freedom at this time, were set free with the deliberate understanding that they were to perjure themselves at the trial of Miss Cisneros and assist the Government in finding good ground for the conviction already decided upon.

This was the situation that was developing when it was decided by the *Journal* to send a special commissioner to Havana to

free Miss Cisneros by forcible means. That Weyler would insist upon sentencing the girl to Ceuta (the African penal colony of Spain), was known, and that he was powerful enough to succeed was certain. The vital question was one of time, as it was necessary to have me reach Havana and finish my work before the final action of the Spanish courts.

## CHAPTER II.

### I REACH HER PRISON.

ONE morning late in August I was ordered to drop my work at the *Journal's* Washington Bureau and come on to New York at once. That evening I reported for duty to the managing editor of the *Journal* in the home office.

The managing editor promptly announced that the *Journal* was preparing to undertake, single-handed, what the allied interests of humanity in Europe and America seemed hopeless of accomplishing—the release of Evangelina Cisneros from a Cuban prison. For weeks the *Journal* had been fighting for her liberty with all the weapons

at the command of a modern newspaper. The entire country had been aroused. The women of every State in the Union had aligned themselves with the *Journal* in its effort to secure the release of Miss Cisneros, and the Pope himself had personally interceded with the Queen Regent of Spain. These efforts had been of no avail.

"We have promised the women of this country and England that this girl shall be freed by the *Journal's* efforts," said the managing editor, summing up the situation. "So far we have been unsuccessful. We must now resort to other means." Turning to me, he said: "I want you to go to Havana, get this girl out of the *Recojidas* and send her to the United States."

It was not a matter to ponder over. I was fairly familiar with the city of Havana and the obstacles in the way, and I replied:

"If you will give me my own time to work in, and leave me absolutely unhampered until I succeed, I will bring Miss Cisneros back with me."

"You shall be entirely free to use your own discretion as to time and method. And, furthermore, I can assure you of Mr.



KARL DECKER.



Hearst's ample appreciation of your efforts if you succeed."

Four days later I landed in Havana. I was fairly familiar with the city, having stopped there twice on former occasions, once while engaged in the attempt to join the insurgent forces for the *Journal*, and, later, while making my way back to the United States, after having spent three months with Gomez and the other leaders of Las Villas.

The day I arrived I went to the *Recojidas* and saw Miss Cisneros.

I found her far more beautiful even than she had been pictured; a cultured, refined, young woman, whose thorough qualities were demonstrated fully in the evidence. She had not been tainted or contaminated in any fashion by her loathsome imprisonment.

I talked with her for over an hour, by the aid of a Spanish-speaking American who accompanied me and acted as interpreter.

We sat in the gloomy, half-lighted, *Sala de Justicia*, the target of a hundred eyes, directed from behind the barred grating which confined the prisoner to the *patio* of

the jail. Under these adverse circumstances, however, she was as much the high-bred lady as when I saw her—many days after—surrounded by hundreds of dress-coated admirers at Delmonico's.

The *Recojidas* itself is past description. No pen could describe the hideous squalor, the fearful odors or the querulous cries which came from the lean, half-clad or wholly naked children wailing in the *patio*.

A stagnant gutter in the middle of the *patio* held a festering mass of filth, steaming under the hot, white, glare of an August sun, and accounted in some slight degree for the horrible death-rate of the place. About the walls of the inner court lounged and squatted half a hundred black wretches, their torn and tattered dresses draped about them seemingly with no intention of concealing their scarred bodies. Many of these blacks were murderesses, convicted of the most villainous crimes, and from time to time revolts occurred in which they tore and wounded each other in animal-like fashion.

Among these wretches Evangelina Cisneros had lived for more than a year.



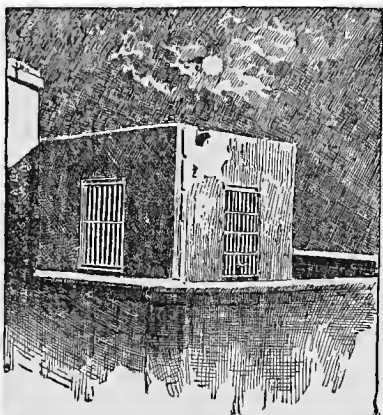
## CHAPTER III.

## LAYING PLANS FOR THE RESCUE.

I SAW Evangelina but once again before I met her on the *azotea* of the *Recojidas*, more than a month later.

On the Friday after I arrived in Havana she was placed *incommunicado*, and it became possible to communicate with her only after many weeks of constant endeavor.

My first efforts after reaching Havana were directed toward securing the assistance of men I might depend upon to aid me in a most dangerous undertaking. Everything depended upon finding the right men, and in this I was most fortunate. I needed men who spoke Spanish as a native tongue and were familiar with Havana.



RECOJIDAS PRISON.

During the time I was maturing my plot to rescue Evangelina I was known to the people of Havana as the Cuban correspondent of the *Journal*. I lodged, ate and drank at the "Inglaterra Hotel," which lies right in the heart of Havana, the central point of the city, the only place where its arteries open out into ventricles. My office was in the Casa Nueva, the finest and most modern building in Havana, in which is located the American consulate. My nights were spent with hordes of friends under the portal of the Tacon, where at little marble-topped tables, looking through cathedral-like arches into the pure, moon-queened vault of heaven, we drank our *cognac y aqua de selz* and talked with the longing love of homesick Americans of the better places in the States. No one suspected my mission save the men selected to help me and who I never saw except in the early morning hours, in the little half-furnished room I had rented in the lower part of Havana, as a rendezvous where we might foregather out of sight of the spies and detectives, who devoted so much of their time to me.

From the 28th of August, when I reached Cuba, until the middle of September we worked unceasingly, without making any progress. Then developments blossomed into being with promising rapidity. Plans were formed and rejected when found impracticable, and finally, as the sum of all our trials, we secured a knowledge of the situation that made our final efforts successful.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### NO. 1 O'FARRILL STREET.

THE *Casa de Recojidas* is located in the lowest quarter of Havana, and is surrounded by a huddle of squalid huts, occupied by negroes and Chinamen, and reeking to heaven by day and night. A single alley, perhaps twenty feet in length, zigzags around two sides of the building, opening off in front of the main entrance.

Compostela street runs along the rear of the building north and south, and from this leads off westwardly Sigua street, by which dignified name is known the alley running along the south side of *Recojidas*. Turning at right angles to the north, the alley tipsily forgets its name and loses record on the

map of Havana. At the north end of the building, and just in front of the big door of



IN HAVANA.

the prison, the filthy lane right angles again, becomes O'Farrill street, and strikes straight forward, as though anxious to leave the jail as soon as possible. It ends at Egido street, opposite the Havana arsenal.

This was the scene of our operations. There are single rows of houses in the alley facing the side and front of the jail, and a double row on both sides of O'Farrill street.

A dozen times in half as many hours I passed through this crooked alley trying to find the solution of a problem that would not be solved. *Recojidas* was apparently inaccessible; its huge

thick walls towered far in the air, topped by a high, thick parapet. The only windows to be seen from the alley were about thirty-five feet from the ground, and were protected by massive iron bars.

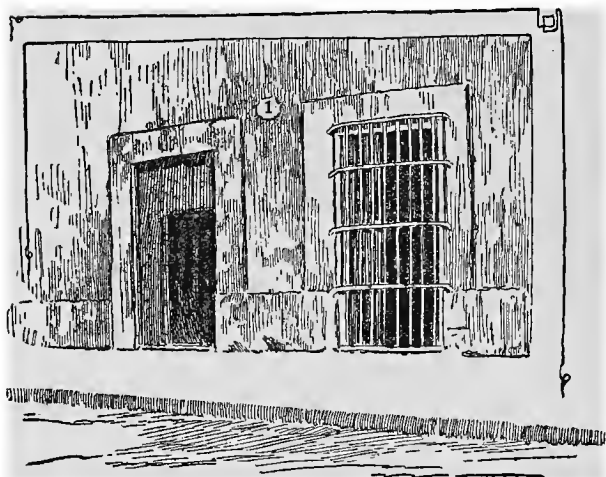
Although not known to any of us at that time, as it was invisible from the street, there was a window opening from the second story on the *azotea* or flat roof over lower rooms in the front of the building. Through this window the escape of Miss Cisneros was finally effected, but it was not until a week after our survey that any suggestion looking to the use of this window was made.

For the first week we scanned and re-scanned the outer walls, suggesting a dozen plans, all equally worthless. A daylight attempt was considered, and plans were made to get Miss Cisneros to the barred door opening into a small court just off the main entrance.

Don Jose, the warden, was to be lured outside the door, lured further, into a state of temporary unconsciousness, and our end accomplished by a wild dash for liberty. This scheme would probably have worked but for the fact that Miss Cisneros was *in-*

*comunicado*, and was not permitted to receive visitors, or even to come into the *Sala de Justicia* on the inner side of the door.

The fact that the Havana arsenal, always under a strong guard, stretched its long



NO. 1 O'FARRILL STREET.

front across the end of O'Farrill street on the other side of Egido street, and that the barracks of a company of the *Orden Publicos* was located just back of *Recojidas* on Compostela street, made this plan de-

cidedly uncertain as to results. And it was abandoned.

As it appeared at this time absolutely impossible either to get into the jail ourselves or to get Miss Cisneros out, it was considered to have become a case of *untar las manos*, and a sturdy attempt was made to reach some of the guards or keepers with bribes, but nothing was effected. Finally, when it appeared as if the only possible way to secure the escape of the beautiful Cuban would be to dynamite a part of the building, a note was smuggled in to her, as a last resort, asking if she could make any suggestion that could help us.

In answer she sent the following message, in Spanish:

*My plan is the following: To escape to the roof with the aid of a rope, descending by the front of the house at a given hour and signal. For this I require acid to destroy the bars of the windows and opium or morphine so as to set to sleep my companions. The best way to use it is in sweets, and thus I can also set to sleep the vigilants.*

*Three of you come and stand at the corners. A lighted cigar will be the signal of alarm for which I may have to delay, and a white handkerchief will be the agreed signal by which I can safely descend. I will only bring with me the necessary clothes tied around my waist. This is my plan; let me know if it is convenient.*

Accompanying this letter was a plan drawn by herself showing the exact location of the window referred to. It was at the end of a second story apartment running along Sigua street on the side of the prison, but not extending clear to its front. The *azotea*, or flat roof, on which it opens is about twenty feet wide, and a high parapet along the front of the building hid this window from sight in the street.

No time was lost in acting on her suggestion.

The idea of eating through an iron bar with acid was dismissed and the question then naturally presented itself as to how the bars of the window could be cut so as to permit her to crawl through. The height of the building also precluded the idea of



letting her attempt to come down by herself. Her plan was to use the rope on the flag-staff.

Consequently it became absolutely necessary for us to gain access to the *azotea* if we were to succeed. To do this, it became immediately apparent, would necessitate the use of a house in the crooked little alley running around the jail. By the rarest good fortune I found on my next visit to the vicinity a vacant house immediately adjoining the jail on the north side of O'Farrill street.

By the end of the next day the house was in our possession. As *La Lucha*, an Havana newspaper, naively remarked: "The lessees could find no one to become responsible for them, so paid two months in advance."

Our gold pieces made this O'Farrill street palace ours for two months should we care to occupy it that long. Next day the deal was closed. A colored Habanero was sent to the house to whitewash, and besides the lime and brush he carried a light ladder about twelve feet long. The possession of this ladder was all that brought him on the

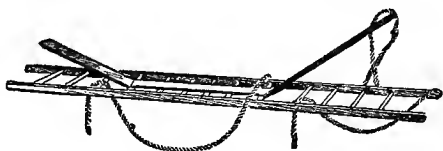
scene. When he went away in the evening he forgot it (purposely) and it remained in the house.

On Tuesday night, October 5th, we went into the squalid little den at No. 1, fully prepared, as we believed, for all possible contingencies.

Having the key, I went first and reached and entered the house without being noticed. Two of my assistants, Herndon and Mallory, followed about an hour later, but were so unfortunate as to find the door of No. 3, the adjoining house, standing open with two of the occupants gaping idly at the moon waiting for the arrival of the last of their household. As our two men passed them and disappeared into the house they became very much alarmed, seeming to imagine that the visit of the strange men to the house next door foreboded some pending calamity to themselves.

Although it was now half-past twelve, the occupants of No. 3 remained awake busying themselves at first with barricading themselves in. Finally, however, the tardy member of that household arrived and with much noise and clamor they went to bed.

It was fully half-past one o'clock before the noises of the neighborhood quieted down, and the evil place fell into a semblance of repose. At this time the moon was high in the heavens and as bright as the midday sun. Down toward the corner of the front of the *Recojidas* a large gas-lighted bracket against the side of one of the houses made visible



THE LADDER OF ESCAPE.

the smallest object in the dirty thoroughfare.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, we mounted the roof and proceeded to business.

## CHAPTER V

### THE ATTEMPT THAT FAILED.

THE front of *Recojidas* lay at right angles to our house in O'Farrill street, but the prison building ran back of our building so

that the walls were together. At this point, however, the guard wall of the *Recojidas* rose sheer twenty feet above our heads. It was protected on the top by a thick sprinkling of broken glass bottles.

This guard wall extended out from the front of our wall to a point ten or twelve feet distant, where it joined the *azotea*. To reach this latter point, therefore, it was necessary to throw the ladder diagonally across the right angle separating our roof from the *azotea*. This was the most ticklish part of the business, as the ladder was frail and thrillingly short.

Finally the ladder was in position and the trip across began. No man engaged in that enterprise will ever forget the twelve-foot walk across that sagging decrepit ladder. At one time it swayed from the wall. Hernandon was only saved from a terrible fall by the promptness with which the two men at the ends of the ladder acted.

As it was a large piece of the weak cornice on which the ladder was resting, went clattering down into the street, waking the warden, who came hastily to the door. By this time the ladder had been withdrawn.



AS MR. DECKER APPEARED IN HAVANA.



Two men were left on the *azotea* of the jail, while the third was left on the roof of the house to handle our drawbridge and guard our retreat.

A great gap opened in the face of the massive building as old Don Jose looked out into the quiet street. He stood there for a few minutes, with an absolutely unnecessary candle in his hand staring out at the moon and apparently greatly pleased with the beautiful aspect of the soft Cuban night. Then, convinced that all was safe, he turned and passed back into *Recojidas*, and thus passed unharmed through the most dangerous moment of his life, for every second that he remained in the street was a second fraught with death.

Three forty-four calibre revolvers covered him and his discovery of our position on the roof would have called for his immediate execution. Time was then allowed for the natural quiet to drift back upon the scene, and when finally everything had become normal, the work of getting the *Journal's* protege out of her loathsome dungeon was begun.

We crept softly across the roof to the win-

dow she had indicated. As we reached it we saw her standing before it. She was dressed in a dark colored gown and not easily seen in the gloom inside. She gave one glad little cry and clasped our hands through the bars, calling upon us to liberate her at once. She had been standing there for over two hours and a half, but her patience never deserted her, and she knew that aid was coming, as she could see us on the roof of the house No. 1 O'Farrill street.

Bidding her be quiet, we set to work cutting through the iron bar between her and liberty. We selected the third bar on the left side of the window, and began cutting it near the bottom. Our progress was slow, and wearisome, and finally, after an hour's work, we found that we had only cut part of the way through. It was impossible to use the saw quickly, as the bars were not set firmly in the frame, and rattled and rang like a fire alarm every time the saw passed across the iron.

At last a stir in the room she had quitted warned Miss Cisneros that it was best for her to retire again; so, leaving us, she slipped a sheet about her and glided quickly back to



her bed at the far end of the dormitory. Before going she begged us to return the following night and complete our work.

We trusted to luck, hoping our anxious neighbors in No. 3 would not give the alarm, and that the cut bar would remain undiscovered. We had no means of knowing the next day whether or not our attempt

of the night before had been discovered, but proceeded on the assumption that it had not, and so determined to carry out our plans to the letter.

A lot of cheap second-hand furniture was purchased in one of the outlying suburbs and placed in our house. A huge *porron* decorated the *tinajero*, flanked on either side by a bottle of *jenevera* and a big bundle of *brevas*. Our sideboard was set with plates and other crockery, and a chest of drawers, a folding table and a pair of canvas folding cots had been sent in.

Wednesday was spent by each man according to his usual custom. It was steamer



THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

day—a day usually filled with labor from six o'clock in the morning until noon, when dispatches to be wired from Key West were smuggled aboard the S.S. Olivette. On this day, however, I did nothing in the line of regular newspaper work, devoting all my time to preparing a code of ordinary sentences such as might be passed by the civil censor, and, to all appearances, as innocent as a new laid egg. These code-messages covered all possible contingencies that could be foreseen.

I was stiff and sore that day, from the climbing and clambering of the night before, and from lying on the cold stone floor of the hut in O'Farrill street. A piping hot bath and an alcohol rub-down put me in shape for the night's work, however, and by dinner time I was in perfect trim.

Dinner was an embarrassment that night. All the Americans met in the hotel and several, who were living privately in the city, gathered about the table before the meal was ended. It was a matter of deep diplomacy to escape from them. Finally, however, I managed to get free from the crowd and going to my room took from un-

der my mattresses a pair of Stilson wrenches, one of small size, the other the largest made for ordinary use. To conceal two heavy iron wrenches and a forty-four calibre revolver about one's person is not by any means an easy or simple matter, and by the time I reached the street I felt like a walking arsenal and hardware store combined.

I took a cab and went at once to a little obscure plaza away from the centre of the town and there met the two men who were to work with me. We sat in the dense shadow of a heavy foliaged tree and talked over our plans in whispers. Finally we separated, each taking a different direction.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OVER THE LADDER.

IT was nearly 8 o'clock when Hernandon and I met before the little house in O'Farrill street. Mallory had preceded us and had lighted up the entire establishment. The barred window opening on the court in front of the jail was open, and in this Mallory could be seen by the inquisitive neighbors, bustling busily about, placing our scant

store of furniture so as to cause it to make the finest possible show. We made no attempt at concealment this night, but moved



THE JAILER.

around openly and like men desirous of happy relations with their neighbors. Hernandon even indulged in a short chat with Don Jose, the warden of the jail, and proposed a joint debauch, to which the jailer was to be invited, having for purpose the intoxication of that worthy.

This proposition was rejected by Mallory and myself as undignified, and certainly not essential to the success of our plot.

The three little alleys running around the jail were alive with creatures who later in the evening gave the impression of suffering severely from insomnia. Three large dump carts were overturned in the alley in front of the *Recojidas*, and on and about these sat a number of Spaniards, negroes and Chinese, who discussed volubly and with many gestures the stirring topics of the day, the recall of Weyler, the demonstra-

tion in the Plaza de Armas, and the possible war with the United States.

From a house to the rear of ours came the hacking, torturing coughing of a consumptive already well enfolded in the arms of death, while from within the jail wailed out upon the sultry air the querulous crying of the baby of Don Jose.

The night was still, hot and oppressive. Early in the evening a bank of heavy clouds gave promise of rain, but we were disappointed in our hopes, for by 9 o'clock the sky had cleared and the great round, white moon rode through the heavens in stately solitude, the black-blue of the dome above us unflecked by clouds. We sat and stood for some little while in front of the house, carefully watching for any sign that our work of the night before had been discovered. Hernandon and Mallory both entered into conversation with such of the neighbors as were just about us, but there was no evidence that any alarm had been given through our attempt of the previous night. Finally we went into the house, dragged our table to the window, and placing on it some candles, opened up a poker game.

The scene in O'Farrill street as seen by some chance passer-by at that moment might be staged by a master of realism without a single change. The foul street in front of the jail with its chattering denizens, half clad, cursing the heat, lighted in yellow patches by the bright glare of a street lamp, bracketed to the side of a house at the corner of the jail, the oblong window with its iron bars and three listless, perspiring Americans seen just within, gambling for matches as a foil for *ennui*, formed a stage picture which could have received no touch to make it more dramatic.

The dramatic possibilities, however, were not noticed by those actually taking part in the performance. The strain at this time was terrific, but there was a tonic in the very danger itself. Several boxes of matches were emptied on the table, and for a time we gambled fiercely for these little bits of wax. Two *orden publicos*, lounging along the alley, looked in upon us through the open door, their gaudy blue and red uniforms giving a bright touch of color to an otherwise sombre picture.

The laws in Havana are very strict

against gambling, and we were careful to let no money be seen upon the table.

The police officers stood by the door, looking curiously in for a few minutes. At last one of them, a Gallego, from the province known as the Ireland of Spain, because of the quick wit of its people, asked us what we played, and queried us to some extent as to the legality of our game. We assured him we did not play for money, but for matches.

The Gallego, however, knew the function of the chip in the great American game.

"I would like to have a box of those matches," he said, with a grin.

This remark was rightly regarded as a jest, and we did not answer save with a smile that might have meant anything.

A moment later they loitered off down the alley, their swords clanking at their heels. We threw them a cheerful "buenos noches," which they answered in friendly fashion.

Toward eleven we noticed a disposition



THE JAILER'S WIFE.

on the part of our neighbors to retire and we gave them all possible encouragement. We went out into the *Callejon* for a few minutes to get a breath of fresh air. With a dangerous enterprise a few hours ahead and all sorts of grewsome possibilities in sight we could not but admire the beauties of that superb Cuban night. Across the corner where the light from the street lamp failed to fall, lay a broad patch of white moonlight, softening and toning down to a mellow picturesqueness a scene that was by day miserably squalid and without beauty.

We closed and locked the door, barred the heavy shutters and began to prepare for our night's work. I have been asked how we felt on the verge of our enterprise. I don't know exactly, but my impression is that we were very gay in the early part of the evening; that every paltry joke seemed delicious, and that nothing was too far fetched to set us choking with laughter.

We first took off our shoes, and then, moving as softly as possible, carried up on the roof the ladder and three-hinged boards to be used in helping Miss Cisneros to escape. The



tools to be used were laid in the shadow of the parapet of the house, and everything was in readiness for the venture. Then we lay down upon the hard stone floor to pass the hours of waiting that must elapse before the actual work of the evening began. The lights were extinguished, and we lay in the semi-darkness of the little stone hut, talking occasionally in whispers, but for the greater part of the time silent. Hernandon, who had not slept at all the night before, fell into an uneasy sleep after a while. From time to time Mallory or myself went on the roof to take observations and report upon the condition of the neighborhood.

On one of these trips I noticed the carriage we had ordered to await us was standing directly in front of the opening of O'Farrill street, on Egido street. The driver had been ordered to move a block away from the stand he had held the night before, the idea being, of course, to get him as far as possible from the scene of our operations in order not to attract suspicion. Instead of moving further toward the city, however, he stopped a block nearer us, and within a stone's throw of the house.

We swore at the driver's stupidity. I do not think any one of us is a particularly profane man, but oaths fell fast that night. That they had to be whispered or swallowed did not take anything away from their force. It was that kind of a night.

It was determined to have some one go to the driver and to direct him to move further away, and this task was assigned me. I got quickly into my shoes and slipped out of the house. I found the carriage standing alone, with no sign that the driver was anywhere in call. I searched along Egido street for him and throughout the alley, but he had disappeared. Hernandon later went out on the same mission, but he could not be found, and it was learned afterward that he had tied his horse there and had left the carriage for our use, while he waited to have it delivered in another part of the city after the night's work had been completed.

At 1:30 o'clock we were all silent in the front room of our little shanty. We had done a lot of talking earlier in the evening, so there was nothing to say, but for an hour we had made conversation, like folks at an afternoon tea, simply because it was too dreadful

to sit still and say nothing. I do not recall who suggested the start, but at half past one o'clock we found ourselves standing, and every man was looking into the eyes of another man. There was no need of words. Every man knew that the uppermost thought in his fellow's mind was:

"Suppose they have discovered last night's work!"

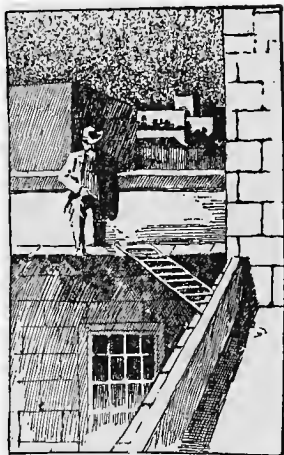
Crk—k—k—k!

Hernandon was testing the cylinder of his revolver. It was like the "All's well" cry of the sentinels at the forts. Mallory's revolver and my own gave the clicking response. If it came to the worst, the pistols were in order anyhow.

Still, without speaking, we moved out into the *patio*.

"Damn the moon!"

It is hard to say which of us said that; we all thought it.



THE ROAD TO LIBERTY.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE BARS ARE BROKEN.

THEN we took note of the situation. We were apparently the only people in the world.

Over the city an enchanted spell had fallen.

A strong white light fell on the roof of the jail and brought out with startling clearness the window through which the girl I was sent to rescue was to escape.

As we stood leaning across the parapet of our house looking toward the *azotea* of the jail, we could plainly see, tied about the bars of the window, the white handkerchief which had been agreed upon as a signal. The moment we saw that we knew that everything was all right within the jail; that the cut bar had not been discovered, nor the attempt to drug the inmates of the room in which Miss Cisneros was confined. As the inside of the window was in darkness, however, it was impossible to discover from where we stood whether Miss Cisneros was at the window or not.

That white patch on the darkness of the window seemed to stare out of the night like a searchlight.

"How could they miss it?" whispered Malory.

"Why, if a Spaniard saw that handkerchief, it would take him until day after to-morrow to realize it was worth asking about," was the whispered response.

Somehow we could not feel as sure of that as we would have liked to.

We spent a few minutes in accurately summing up the situation before we set to work. At least a dozen windows commanded a view of the roof on which we were to work, and from one of them, the night before, had come many mysterious noises, as though some one within had frequently opened and closed the heavy shutters. There was the possibility that we had been watched and our attempt of the night before reported to the authorities. We tried to ascertain if any preparations had been made to trap us, but apparently everything was quiet.

From arsenal and barracks floated out every ten minutes the long, wailing cry of the sentinels: "Sentinela alerta—a-ler-r-r-r-ta," and then the answering call from a dozen other sentries.

Everything being in readiness for our at-

tempt, the ladder was quickly raised and thrust across the parapet until it rested upon the cornice of the jail. In a second Hernandon, the lightest man in the party, had crossed and was standing on the roof of the jail, Mallory and I holding the ladder.

When Hernandon turned around with his back to the window and leaned across the parapet to steady the ladder for us, we held our breaths. Just what we expected is hard to say. Had our work of the night before been discovered it was quite possible that instead of the gentle little Cuban girl there would be waiting at the window a select firing squad of guards. In the white moonlight we must have made conspicuous marks. Maybe, then, we were waiting for a crash and a flare from that window that would effectually end the attempt to save Evangelina. There was no way of finding out, and I quickly followed on the vibrating ladder across the gap and stood beside Hernandon on the jail roof. Every window overlooking that roof was like the porthole of a man-of-war.

From the point where we reached the roof to the window is perhaps thirty-five or



IN DRESS WORN THE NIGHT OF HER ESCAPE





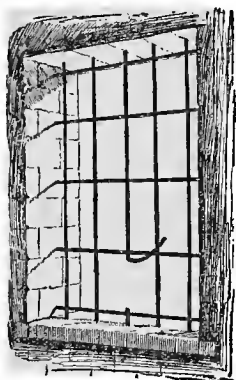
forty feet, and we quickly traversed this space, passing as quietly as cats in our stockinged feet. As we reached the window we saw Evangelina standing just within the window, her face drawn and white from the strain of suspense under which she labored. She had seen us plainly every time we came out upon the roof of our house, and feared every time we disappeared that we had given up the project. She reached out her hands to us with many little, glad cries, rippling out in whispered Spanish sentences, terms of endearment and friendship, and calling multiplied benedictions down upon our heads for our efforts to save her.

"It's easy enough to say be still," she murmured indignantly. "You haven't been locked up in here for a year."

It was almost impossible to keep her quiet, and it was not until Hernandon sternly bade her cease talking that she became silent.

We went to work quickly, and without the slightest waste of time. We carried two Stilson wrenches. With the smaller one I gripped the bar below where the cut was made and locked the handle of the wrench behind my leg. I then gripped the upper

part of the bar with the large wrench and swung all my weight forward upon the handle. The strain was more than Bessemer steel could have stood, and I felt the bar yield like cheese, then snap with a clear, ringing sound that we feared must have been heard at the palace. We dropped at once and lay listening for a few seconds but there



VIEW OF WINDOW, FROM  
WITHIN.

was no alarm. I then caught the bar in my hands and pulled it towards me. Slipping it across my knee near the thigh, I grasped it firmly and straightened up. The bar came with me. Then, stooping, I placed my shoulder under, and, grasping the crossbar above my head, drew myself up, bending the bar well up above the opening. I then caught it with the wrench again and twisted it into a huge V.

Evangelina was by this time on her knees in front of the opening I had made. While I was bending the bar back out of the way I had to stop and beat her hands off mine. She

clutched the iron and tore at it in her endeavors to help me in a way that would have exhausted her had she continued.

The moment the bar was out of the way she relaxed with a little moan and dropped to the floor inside the window.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OUT OF PRISON.

“Is the opening large enough?” I asked, in a whisper.

In response she thrust her head between the bars and drew her body partly after. In a moment she saw that she could easily pass through, and she looked up into our faces with a smile such as the devout may wear in sight of Paradise, but seldom is it given any man to see such a gleam upon the face of woman.

By this time the fever of hurry was in all our veins. I quickly grasped Evangelina about the waist and lifted her through the bars. In a moment she was out upon the roof and was bursting into a joyous carol to freedom when I clasped my hand over her mouth, and, picking her up in my arms, carried her quickly across the *azotea* to where

the ladder lay. Here no time was lost in leaving the jail roof. Hernandon lightly stepped across the swaying ladder and stood upon the parapet to receive her as she came across.

Without the slightest trace of fear, Evangelina climbed over the parapet and down upon the ladder. I reached far out and steadied her until she was started well upon her trip across. Then as I released her hand she ran quickly across, as though on solid ground, bending slightly forward, her arms outstretched in the effort to keep her balance. As she reached the parapet Hernandon caught her in his arms and lifted her to the roof.

"*Mie zapatos!*" she cried as her feet touched the cold tiles of the roof. "*Deme mes zapatos!*"

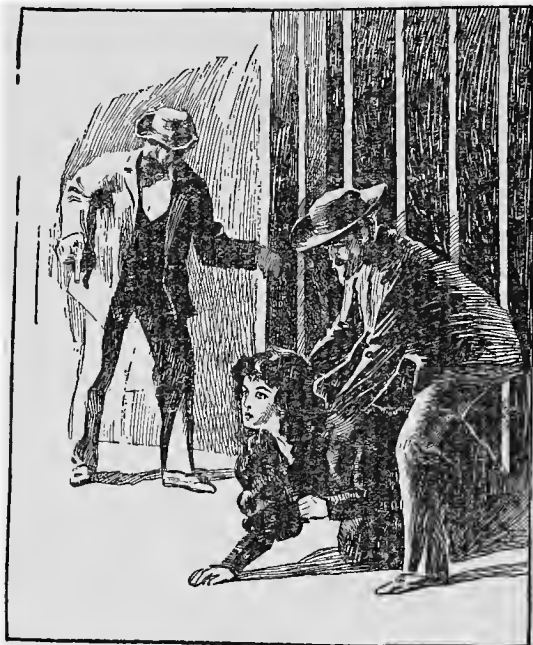
She was not given her shoes at this time, however. We had spent every moment in the broad, white glare of the moonlight that we intended to spend and felt an animal-like desire to get into the darkness. The ladder was drawn quickly back upon the roof and left lying there, together with the three hinged boards which were to have been used

to form a platform across the ladder for Miss Cisneros, but which were not used. Although none of us suspected it at the time, a revolver, almost as large as a Spanish field-piece, was left lying on the roof.

Our party quickly assembled in the main room of the house on the floor below, and quick preparations were made for getting away.

Within five minutes after helping Evangelina out of the window we were ready to leave O'Farrill No. 1. Hernandon started first, as he was to drive the carriage. Silently they stepped out of the house, and Mallory and I softly closed the door and waited, listening. An hour seemed to elapse, and we heard no sound; then suddenly from Egido street came a wild clatter and the staccato pounding of iron against cobbles, as the carriage dashed wildly away. We had not lost our nerve by any means at this time, but we were possessed of a feverish desire to get away as quickly as possible. Leaving the candle burning upon the *tinajero* and our household goods in unseemly disarray, we quit our house in O'Farrill street, never to enter it again till Cuba shall be free.

When the carriage containing Evangelina Cisneros rattled off over the cobbles of Egido street that moonlight Thursday morning one



ON THE ROOF.

of the men (the man I have called Hernan-  
don) sat upon the box. He was an American

who spoke Spanish like a Castellano. He knew every turn and twist of the narrow, winding streets, and, taking a circuitous course about the city, finally rounded into the street in which was located the house selected as the hiding-place of Miss Cisneros while in Havana.

The street was deserted for several blocks. Far away toward where the *Recojidas* lay in all its squalor, jostling a barracks and an arsenal, could be heard the plaintive wailing *alerta* of the sentinels. In all that still moonlit city that night that cry was the essence of concentrated sarcasm. It rang out from the sentry boxes as the carriage containing Miss Cisneros dashed off; it was heard again threading across the silence of the city as Miss Cisneros sprang from the carriage and disappeared through the door behind which a trusted servant had been waiting for hours.

There had been sounds of revelry in that house that night. A reception had been held there during the evening, and in the late morning hours, as the guests left assuring host and hostess that various houses in Havana were at their disposition, a fright-

ened, trembling little maiden fluttered in through the door and pressed flat against the wall within waiting for some one to welcome her or shelter her.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THROUGH PERIL TO SAFETY.

As the last couple passed out of the house, she felt a gentle touch upon her arm and was quickly ushered into a room set apart for her exclusive use. In fact, a whole suite of apartments were reserved for her, and she was given the attendance of two servants during the time she remained in hiding,

She entered this house on Thursday morning about 3 o'clock, and remained there securely secreted until Saturday afternoon.

In the mean time Hernandon was having adventures enough to fill a novel. Hardly had Evangelina left the carriage before he was hailed by a half drunken Spanish officer with a companion.

Hernandon felt deeply grieved at the idea of carrying such freight, and turned them down harshly.

"I'm going to the palace after the Captain-General, to take him for a moonlight drive,"



he growled, and lashed his nag viciously. Twice after he had an opportunity to earn an honest peseta, but declined the chance.

Long before dawn he joined Mallory and myself in the Plaza Cristobal, and as the jangling little brass pots in the belfry of the neighboring church had untangled the hour of four the carriage had been turned over to the rightful driver, and, after a parting drink in an all night bodega nearby, we separated for the night.

The period intervening until Saturday afternoon will never be forgotten by the five men who by this time were interested in getting Miss Cisneros from the island. A house-to-house search was being conducted in every section of the city.

The other men engaged in the rescue were free from espionage, as they had not fallen under suspicion, but from Thursday midday I was followed by a couple of detectives who had been assigned to shadow me by the Havana police under orders from the Spanish Minister at Washington. By this time it was generally known in Washington and in Havana that the girl had been rescued by the *Journal*, and every effort was made to detect

the whereabouts of Miss Cisneros by shadowing me. For this reason I was unable to see Evangelina again face to face until I met her in New York.

On the day she left her hiding-place I succeeded in shaking off my shadows by using certain methods which would have been ridiculed by a Pinkerton, but which were successful with the Spanish spies.

The other two men who were with me on the night of the rescue did not join me on that afternoon, but until Miss Cisneros reached the wharf we were never twenty feet apart. We did not speak to each other.

We sauntered along the principal streets of Havana, watching and guarding. The greatest fright of the entire occasion occurred as Miss Cisneros came out of the house in which she had been hiding. She was dressed as a young "Marinero," with blue shirt, flowing tie and a large slouch hat. Her hair was plastered under the hat with cosmetics. As she stepped out into the street a swift swirl of wind caught the hat and whirled it from her head. For a moment our hearts ceased to beat. Every man gripped his gun and waited.



FOR CUBA LIBRE.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



Quickly she caught the hat from the grōund, jabbed it down on her head and started off jauntily and nonchalantly down the street.

The few careless passers-by had failed to note the incident, and she was safely over this hurdle.

All the way down Obispo street we followed her, guns swinging loose and ready at hand, a carriage following, ready for emergencies. Had she been detected it was our intention to rescue her again, place her in the waiting carriage and dash off.

Fortunately nothing happened. It was nearly dark ; the short twilight was closing. The *Seneca* had waited three hours for freight and would wait another hour, and all things aided.

We passed but few people and these were too much occupied with other affairs to notice us. It was the dinner hour of Havana and those not at table were hurrying to get there.

Our greatest fear was that Evangelina's dentity would be discovered at the "Ma-china" wharf, which is always crowded with loitering Spanish officers. Fortunately, how-

ever, as we came around from behind the tangled swarm of carriages that blocked the entrance, we saw that there were but few people in sight. A little knot of passengers had gathered on the landing stage, and were being besieged by a crowd of watermen. They were all late passengers going off in the delayed *Seneca*.

The steamer lay far out in the harbor, a line of heavy smoke drifting back from her funnels, showing her readiness to sail. Over in Regla the lights were popping out in bright spots, and long, wavering reflections glanced and quivered along the waters of the harbor from the open portholes of the waiting boat.

The short tropical twilight had died away and given place to the bright starry night.

There was suddenly a bustle of preparation on the wharf. The little propellers of the launch gave a few tentative whirls and the waiting passengers hurried aboard. Evangelina was in the crowd. We dared not go with her, as our presence on the ship would have attracted the attention of the inspector.

We sat down at one of the little marble-

topped tables in front of Cafe Luz, which overlooks the harbor, and from there watched the launch as it scudded along over the quiet waters. We saw it draw alongside, and then strained our eyes to distinguish the form of Evangelina, but could see nothing distinctly.

Then we waited with our liquor untasted before us; waited and watched. We saw the passengers disperse as they reached the deck—some going to their staterooms, others to the dining-room. Two figures



ON THE DECK.

we easily identified as the two police inspectors, but we could not see anything clearly enough to determine whether or not Evangelina had made the attempt to go on board.

Suddenly we saw two inspectors turn and enter the smoking-room on the upper deck, accompanied by a third person, undistinguishable from where we were watching.

Hardly had they left the gangway when we saw some one approach the ladder and signal the waiting boat below.

In a moment a slim dot of a figure was seen to spring from the deck of the launch to the gangway platform and run with twinkling feet up the ladder.

A moment later the deck was clear and no one could be seen moving about.

Then the two inspectors came out of the smoking room wiping their lips.

We knew that nothing further could be done.

Evangelina was on board the *Seneca* and the only danger lay in the discovery of her hiding place.

We were all troubled, however, and felt ill at ease as long as the uncertainty of the sit-



uation was sustained by the presence of the *Seneca* in the harbor.

I separated from my companions and went back to my hotel alone. I found there quite a crowd of fellow Americans and sat down to dinner with them.

It was now nearly seven o'clock and the strain was terrific.

The *Seneca* had probably started, but I could not be certain that Evangelina was still on board.

At this moment the hotel interpreter entered with much bustle and effusiveness.

"The *Seneca* is off," he said. "There were a lot of Americans went away in her."

"Was there any row of any sort before she left?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "she got away without any trouble. The captain was swearing because he was late."

As he spoke there came from the harbor



INTERIOR OF NO. 1 O'FARRILL STREET.

three long, roaring, rolling blasts; hoarse and wheezy blasts; sounds with which we were familiar.

The *Seneca* was signaling the harbor going out.

That night there was revelry in Havana.

The Palacio Crystal had never held a livelier party.

Half a dozen Americans shared in the celebration of an event of which they were profoundly ignorant.

Had they but known what cause there was for jubilation they would not have clinked glasses so quietly.

Later that night there were American songs heard ringing through the streets of Havana, and we were roundly hissed when we forced our way into a "baile" far out into the suburbs.

The next morning I received a warning that an order had been issued for my arrest.

This coupled<sup>1</sup> with an imperative order from the *Journal* to return at once caused me to leave Havana.

There was but one escape open, and I seized upon that and came away on the

Spanish steamer *Panama*, with a forged visé  
on my passport.

Karl Decker





THE LIFE OF  
EVANGELINA CISNEROS



## CHAPTER I.

### TO FREE CUBA.



HIS is the story of my life. American women may find it interesting. It is at least true. I am not used to writing, but will tell my story as well as I can. I will try to make everything plain and easy to understand, although it will be hard for any one who has never lived in Cuba to believe that some of the things which I must tell could really happen so close to the free country of America.

To begin with, I am not a girl, as all the people who have been writing about me always say I am. I am a woman. I am nineteen years old.

I was born in Puerto Principe. Puerto Principe is the capital of a Province of Camigüey. It is a little city, where there

were many happy people before the Revolution. Camigüey is said by Americans to be the Kentucky of Cuba. By that, I think, they mean that we have beautiful horses there, and that we are proud of the prettiest girls in Cuba. I am one of four sisters. My mother died before I can remember. They say she was a very little woman, and that she was exceedingly pretty. She had large eyes, and she was very slender, and she had the lightest foot in the dance of any girl in Camigüey. Her name was Caridad de Cisneros y Litorre. My father's name was Jose Augustine Cossio y Serrano. There were four of us children, all girls. Flor de Maria was the eldest. She it is who has told me so much about my mother. Then came Carmen and then Clemencia, and then I. We were all very happy when we lived in Camigüey. It was always warm and pleasant there, but sometimes the trade-wind blows, and then it is well to stay indoors.

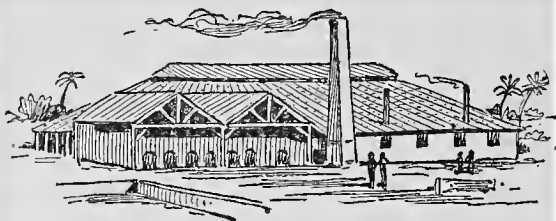
We girls had a little garden, and it was our pleasure to make the flowers grow. Flor de Maria made it her especial business to raise the beans and the peppers and the



many things that we of Cuba like to eat. My father had a little money, and we lived in a pretty house with thick walls to keep out the sun, and a court, with a fountain in it, where all of us children learned to walk. That is the first thing I can remember, the fountain. It leaped and sparkled in the sun, and I used to think it was alive and try to catch it, and make it stand still and talk with me. When I was in prison I often dreamt of the fountain which danced so gayly in the little court-yard.

My father was a good man, and he loved his children. It was always a holiday for us when he came home. But he was never happy in Camigüey after my mother died. He thought first of going one place and then to another. He could not bear to stay in the little home where he first took her as a bride. So he sold it, and we went with him from one place to another all over our beautiful Cuba. At last we came to Sagua La Grande, a seaport on the north coast of the island. There we found an old friend who had known my mother when she was a little girl; Rafael Canto y Noreas was his name. He took us to his house, and his good wife

was like a mother to us. My father went to a large sugar plantation close by and became weighmaster there, and for seven years I lived with Senora Nores. She was very good to me. By and by my father was sent for to come to Cienfuegos. Cienfuegos is on the south coast of Cuba, and there is an estate there which is the largest plantation on the island. It is called the



THE SUGAR HOUSE AT SAGUA.

Constancia estate. When he was settled at Constancia he sent for Carmen and me.

My other sisters stayed with Signora Nores.

My father had a pretty little house near the estate and Carmen and I kept it for him as well as we could. Senora Nores had taught me how to make *tortillas* and *arroz con*

*pollo* and all of the good Cuban dishes. We had a happy time there in our little house; for Carmen and me, and it was almost like playing in a doll's house.

But my father was a strange man in some ways. He would have been better pleased if one of his children had been a son. He often looked at me, and took my head between his hands and said to me, "Evangelina, when I look at your brow it seems to me that you should have been my son and not my daughter," and then I would laugh and put my hands at my sides and pretend to whistle, and my father would cover my mouth with his hand, for in Cuba it is not good for a young girl to behave as the boys behave.

But for all that my father treated me more like a son than like a daughter. In the evening, when he had finished his supper, and we sat together he would talk to me about his business and his work at the plantation, and he would tell me of the things which vexed him, and of the things which had pleased him during the day. He talked much to me about Cuba, and many a time I have sat with my father until the moon arose, and

listened to his stories of the ten-years' war against Spain, until every drop of blood in my veins was afire with the love of my brave country. My father told me how he had kissed my mother good-bye. She did not even weep, as she stood at the window, waving her hand to him and crying "Viva Cuba!" while he went down the path—out to fight for his country. Often he told me how she used to write to him, and tell him of his children at home, and what they did and said, and of how she missed him and prayed for him; but always he said the letters ended with the words, "Viva Cuba!"

When he had told me these things his voice would be a little rough sometimes, and he would speak quick, and I knew that he was trying hard to keep from crying; then I always went and sat by him, and held his hand against my face, and he told me that I had eyes like my mother's eyes—like hers!

In all these talks with my father he did not treat me as most Cuban fathers treat their daughters. He spoke to me freely and without reserve, and through him I knew something more of the world than most



TOBACCO PLANTATION IN PINAR DEL RIO.



Cuban girls, who are brought up in the seclusion of their homes, ever dream of knowing.

One day (it was in May, a very hot day in 1895) Carmen and I had prepared supper and my father came home at his usual hour.

He did not kiss me when he came into the house, and when we were at the table he sat a long time without speaking.

I knew that there was to be war in Cuba.

My father had told me so. I had heard his friends sitting in the shadow of the house and talking to him about it. When he did not speak to me as usual that night I knew that something had happened. I wished to ask him what it was,



FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

but I was afraid. All at once he pushed away his plate, and jumped up from the table. He caught me by the shoulders and looked straight into my eyes.

"My little girl," he said, "I am going to fight for Cuba."

I put my arms round his neck and kissed him, and then, I think, I cried a little, and my father kissed me and did not speak.

"Father," I said, "I am going with you," and from that moment my father knew that my mind was made up.

He never tried to persuade me not to go. He told me again of my mother and of her courage and her devotion to the cause of Cuba, and of his young sister Soledad, who had fought by his side in the former war.

That night we sat late and talked of many things.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY FATHER IS SENTENCED TO DEATH.

AFTER that my father's friends came often to the house. There were fifteen of them, all true patriots; all but one—he was a Mexican.

I never knew his name.



He was about fifty years old, tall and very thin. He had a nose like the beak of a bird of prey, and his eyes were the eyes of a hawk. I did not like him; but my father and his friends seemed to think him a devoted patriot, so I said nothing. We held our meetings in secret—sometimes at one house, sometimes at another. I would take my guitar and play or sing, and my sister Carmen would dance, and we would laugh and pretend to be making merry to make the Spanish soldiers, who were always watching us, believe that we thought of nothing but music and laughter.

We were planning to go and join the Cuban army on the twenty-second of June. My father had arms and ammunition hidden in different places in the neighborhood. He left every morning at day break and returned at dusk. One night, when he was coming home through the cane-fields, two Spanish soldiers rode up to him and took him prisoner. The Mexican was a spy, and had betrayed the whole plan of action.

This happened on the twenty-first of June, the very day before we were to leave for the front.

The soldiers searched my father, and found upon him papers which gave into their hands the whole plot of our rising.

He begged his captors to let him go home and tell his children what had happened; but they struck him with the flats of their swords and forced him to hold his tongue.

Just after dusk a little Cuban boy ran to the house and told me that he had seen my father, riding out of the cane-field, between two Spanish soldiers. I sent word to our friends, but it was useless to talk the matter over, for we had been betrayed and there was nothing that we could do.

That night I did not go to bed. I walked up and down in our little living room till daybreak. I never knew how many hours there were between sunset and the gray of dawn before.

In the morning I learned that the soldiers had taken my father to jail in Cienfuegos. After I had made the breakfast and comforted my sister Carmen (for she was frightened and cried, and said the Spanish soldiers would kill us, and she would not eat), I made a little dish of eggs and meat and

put it in a covered basket and walked to Cienfuegos to see my father. They would not let me in to see him, so I gave the breakfast to the man who was on guard at the prison door and asked him to give it to my father, and tell him that I had been there, and that I would come again, and always again, until I could see him. The man on guard promised me that he would do as I asked. He was a good-natured, shining-faced man with deep dimples, and he laughed good-humoredly, when I turned round at the foot of the steps, and saw him taking the leaves off the dishes and eating what was beneath.

After that I went back many times, and I never said anything to the guard about the food, but I always brought an extra portion, one for him and one which I hoped he would take to my father. When I had been many times they gave me a pass into the prison, and after that I went often to see my father and to comfort him. One day when I went to him he stood in his cell looking through the bars and watching for me. I knew by his face he had bad news to tell—I did not think it was good news.

He put his hands through the bars and took both of my hands in his.

"Evangelina," he said, "you are a soldier's daughter; now you must behave like one; I am sentenced to be shot."

I tried very hard not to show how I felt, it seemed to me that my heart stopped beating.

I talked with him a little while, and then I went away to Santa Clara, where Captain-

General Campos was personally in command of the Spanish forces.

I went to the Spanish headquarters again and again and yet again. But I never could see the Captain-General. He was always

away, or he was tired, or he did not care to see me.



LIEUT. CAMPOS.

At first the Spanish soldiers were only sullen, but when I had been many times they grew to think that my coming was a joke, and they laughed at me, and told me to have patience, and when the sun had melted the earth away I might perhaps have an interview with the Captain-General. I went early in the morning and at noon and in the evening I went; but it was all of no use—I could not see the Captain-General, and my father was in prison under sentence of death, and I knew that if I did not see the Captain-General he would be taken out and shot like a blind dog.

Many nights I could not sleep, for every time I shut my eyes, I would start up awake, thinking I heard a volley of rifle-shots.

One day, when I had risen at daybreak, and had waited on the steps of the Spanish headquarters for three hours, hoping to catch the Captain-General as he came up the stairs, I was very faint of a sudden, and I sank down on the steps. One of the soldiers began to laugh, and asked me whether my heart was as weak as my body. He called me a cruel and degrading name, and I sprang to my feet in an agony of despair.

A young man was coming up the steps; he held out his hand to stop me, and turned to the soldier who had laughed at me and rebuked him severely.

"Bark when your master speaks, you dog," he said, and then he turned to me and asked me why I was waiting there.

I told him that my father was to be shot, and that I wanted to see the Captain-General. I told him how I had come there day after day, and how I had waited and waited until my heart was sick, and he told me that he was the son of the Captain-General, and that he would intercede with his father for me. I waited in the ante-room while the young man went in to see his father. When he came out he told me that his father would not see me then, but that he himself would do his best to get my father's case looked upon with clemency. Another day I went to the headquarters and found the young man standing on the steps waiting for me. He handed me a paper. It was a commutation of my father's death sentence to one of imprisonment for life in Ceuta, Spain's penal colony in Africa. I tried to thank the young man, but some-

thing in my throat beat so that I could not speak, and he took my hand and kissed it, and when he raised his head I saw that there were tears in his eyes.

I never saw him again, but I have prayed for him every day since that hour.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT HAPPENED IN HAVANA.

FOR three or four days after the young man handed me the commutation papers for my father I was at home asleep. I think I slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four. I knew that he would not be sent to Africa until the war-ship left to go to the penal settlement there. I had friends who kept watch and who promised to tell me when it came near the time for the warship to sail. I was so tired with all the excitement and anxiety, but, most of all, with the great relief which had come suddenly upon me, that I could not hold up my head; so I slept, all day and nearly all night, and my dear sister Carmen made me the good coffee and the *tortillas*, and fed me as if I had been a baby, and indeed I felt quite as weak as

one. My friends came to the house and tried to see me, and to devise some way to prevent my father from being sent to Africa, but Carmen would not let them see me. She stood at the door like a little watchdog, and she made herself very stern and would not listen to anything except that I should eat and that I should sleep. She is a good little woman, my sister Carmen. Some day she will make someone a good wife, and then I shall go and help her to take care of the little ones.

I knew that my father would never live to get to Africa. Every one in Cuba knows about the dreadful Spanish colony there. No man, with a heart in his breast, could exist for one year in that hideous place. There are fevers there and horrible sicknesses of all sort. The most dreadful criminals are sent there from Spain, and the Spanish officials of the settlement have no more regard for the common decencies of life, among the prisoners, than though the men exiled there were so many starving wolves.

I knew that I must do something to keep my father in Cuba if he were to be kept



alive, but first, I knew, that I must sleep and eat to get my strength, before I could even think of anything to do.

In a few days I was able to get out of bed.

One afternoon, early in the twilight, some friends came to see me, and told me that there was a new Captain-General in place of the one who had commuted my father's sentence. They said that he was called General Weyler, and that he was a courteous man and kindly. When I heard that I went to Havana, and presented myself at the palace and asked to see this General Weyler. The guards at the palace let me in after a moment's hesitation. I saw General Weyler, and I told him that my father was an old man, and that he was very sick, and that he could not live to be taken to Africa.

General Weyler listened to me in perfect silence.

He did not ask me one single question, but when I had finished he nodded once or twice, turned to his secretary, and said: "Give this girl an order to have her father transferred to the Isle of Pines."

I tried to thank him, but he simply nodded and dismissed me with a wave of his hand. I don't know whether I laughed or cried when I was outside the palace. This I know, I ran every step of the way to the prison in Havana where my father was waiting for the transport ship. When I came in with the order my father turned white as a ghost, and afterwards he told me he thought I had lost my mind. I was so excited and laughed so much and cried and was so bewildered.

I went and lived with some friends of my father (the Revira family) for twenty-nine days, while I was in Havana. My little sister Carmen was with me.

I shall never forget the time I spent in Havana. It was such a strange experience, it seems even now like one of those dreams one has when one is between sleeping and waking. The theaters and the concerts of the band were going on just the same as ever. In the afternoon, after the *siesta*, I could go down to the plaza and see the gay crowd of promenaders, and it was hard to realize that just outside the gates men were being mutilated and women and little

toddling, frightened children were being butchered. The Havana ladies are all very beautiful, and they dress in gay, bright colors and soft, thin materials, which make them look like the flowers which grow so plentifully in every tiny garden there. There were parties and riding frolics and everywhere one saw the American tourists on their bicycles going out before breakfast to see where a battle had been fought.

The streets were full of swaggering, leering Spanish soldiers, but otherwise Havana seemed as peaceful as a convent garden; yet every day or two I read in the paper which was published there, some little notice saying that on that morning So-and-So was executed for rebellion or disloyalty to the Spanish Government.

One morning I was awakened just at sunrise by a sharp volley of firing. I called



WAITING.

out to one of the family, in the room next to mine, and asked her what it meant. She said, "Oh, it is some prisoner; they are shooting some one at the fort."

Every few days they shot some one at the fort. Sometimes it was a man in the prime of life, with a wife who crept along outside the fortress wall and prayed for strength to bear the hearing of the shot that killed her husband. Sometimes, and not too seldom, it was a boy sixteen or seventeen years old. They led them out, blindfolded, and stood them up against the wall, and they said they stood there like little heroes, and never flinched when the order was given to fire.

We heard of many heroes during those days in Havana. Our talk was so commonly of bloodshed and murder and pillage and hideous outrage that it was a strange day that brought no new story of human agony for us to hear. At last they came and told me that my father was going to the Isle of Pines with about fifty other political prisoners under an armed escort, and that Carmen and I might go with him. That was a happy day for us. We bade our



A FORAGING EXPEDITION.



friends, who had been so good to us in Havana, good-bye, and started with light hearts for the Isle of Pines.

## CHAPTER IV.

### LOVE AND PRISON BARS.

To get to the Isle of Pines you must go across Cuba to Batabano, a seaport on the south side of the island. I had been there before. It is not a pretty place, like the little towns on the sea-shore in this country, but a dirty, ugly hamlet where the sponge-fishermen stop. It is nearly all on wharves and docks, and the sponges are piled up there to rot in the sun, for that is the way they get them ready for market.

There were sixty prisoners to go to the Isle of Pines. My father was among them. I thought my heart would break when I saw them come out. Their arms were bound behind them so tight that it seemed the cords must cut into their flesh.

They were tied, thus, four abreast—like the yoked cattle that haul the big logs in

eastern Cuba. They marched by me, fifteen such lines, each rank tied to the one in front, with a guard of soldiers to shoot down any who tried to get away. On the



TRANSPORTING PRISONERS.

sidewalks there were many people who knew my father and the other prisoners, but the captives dropped their eyes, so they should not be spoken to, because it



was a dangerous thing for any Cuban to show interest in a prisoner who is being sent away for rebellion. My sister Carmen and I were allowed to go along. Carmen was very brave ; braver than I was. I thought my heart would break when I saw my father pass, with the sweat-drops brought out on his face by the agony of those tight cords. A train was waiting for us. It was a very odd-looking train. Not such an one as I have traveled on in this country. At the head, right next to the locomotive, was something that looked like a big square boiler. On the sides there were long narrow holes. It was what they call a traveling fort. The sides of this car are all of iron and the little windows are for the soldiers to shoot through if the rebels attack the train. Then came third-class passenger coaches, very small and very dirty, and at the end was another traveling fort.

They put the prisoners in a car, and some soldiers got in with them. There were soldiers on all the platforms, for the great General Maceo was, at that time, taking all the towns in Pinar del Rio, the western

province of Cuba, and the Spaniards did not know where he would attack next. Every train was guarded as ours was guarded. Before we started a locomotive went ahead, so that if there were dynamite on the track, the train would not be lost.

I had been so miserable I had not eaten anything that morning, and, as it was a very warm day and the cars were close and crowded, I was very wretched. The guard in charge of the prisoners had gotten some fruit somewhere and they were eating it. I suppose I must have looked at it, for the lieutenant came over to me and offered me some bananas and *sapotes*. I thanked him the more because the other soldiers had been the reverse of respectful to me.

"Don't you feel so bad," the lieutenant said to me. "Nothing is going to happen to the prisoners. To which one of them are you related?"

I pointed out to him my father. Before he went back he spoke very kindly to me.

"Don't fret, little girl," he said, "the Isle of Pines is a very pleasant place, and they will only keep your father until the war is over. Just be brave, and I will

see that everything is done for your father that we can do."

The next time I looked at my father he was unbound, nor did they bind him again until we reached Batabano and my kind lieutenant was relieved. I do not know this officer's name, but I am sure that God will reward him for this kindness to a lonely girl on a sorrowful journey. Near Rincon, which is the junction where the railroad from Pinar del Rio comes in, the train journeyed very slowly. We went over a bridge that seemed very unsteady. My friend, the lieutenant, came back to where I was sitting and told me not to be afraid.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"Some of your rebel friends, *senorita*," he told me, "blew up this bridge and wrecked the train ahead of us. It has just been repaired, and we have got to be careful for fear of shaking it down."

I looked out of the window on the other side of the bridge, and there was a train off the track and half burned.

"Don't look that side," said the lieutenant.

I could not help looking. There were some dead men there.

After about five hours we reached Batabano. It is only thirty miles from Havana, so you can see we must have gone quite slowly. At Batabano we were to take the steamer *Nuevo Cubano* to the Isle of Pines, but when we got there the steamer was gone.

It was Maceo again.

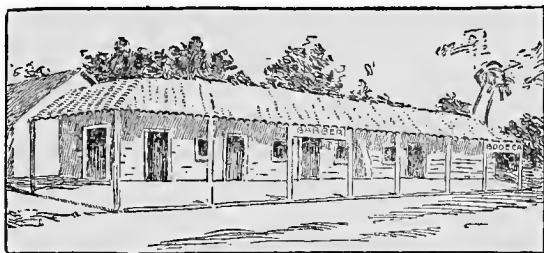
They were hurrying troops to fight him as fast as they could. A regiment had been placed on board our steamer and hurried away to the west, so for twenty-four hours the poor prisoners and my sister and myself had to wait on the wharf. The prisoners were all bound again, as they had been in Havana, and the soldiers, with their loaded guns, stood between us and the shore, to make sure that nobody escaped in the night. It was not very cold, but it was very uncomfortable. We were given food—the rations of the soldiers who had taken our steamer. They call it *rancho*. It was a kind of stew made out of rice, sweet potatoes and a little meat with *judias*, a kind of bean. Before he went away the kind lieutenant gave one of the guards a fresh pineapple.

“That is for the little ones,” he said; then he nodded to me and went away.

As soon as he was gone the soldier peeled the pineapple and he and another soldier ate it.

They threw us the skin.

"Pineapples are bad for little girls," the soldier said, and all the other soldiers laughed. It seemed as if that night would never end. Whenever any of us moved



CISNEROS HOUSE IN ISLE OF PINES.

the soldiers cried out "What are you doing there?"

And we were afraid they would shoot into the prisoners, so we kept as quiet as we could.

The next morning the little steamer returned and we were marched on board her. It is only a short trip to the Isle of Pines, and we were not ill-treated on the

steamer. On board the steamer they permitted us to talk to the prisoners. My father told me to be cheerful, that everything was coming out all right, and that we would not be prisoners at all in the Isle of Pines.

At last we reached the little harbor, and I saw Santa Cruz of the Pines, our future home. It looked very beautiful, and did not seem like a prison at all. The prisoners were released after being taken to the Governor's office. We walked up the main street, from the wharf, to a long mud-house, which used to be a hotel, before Santa Cruz was made a penal settlement. This was to be our future home. It had been cut up into six little houses. The first one was a grocery store, the next a barber shop. There was a prisoner's family living in the next, and the fourth house was where my father, my sister and myself were to live. On the side was a carpenter's shop and a doctor's office. The tenants were all exiles like ourselves.

That was my home until July; two months. It was like other Cuban houses, with a tiled roof and a big piazza. Our

house consisted only of two rooms, a front room and a bedroom which opened on the little yard where we did our cooking. My life, there, was very simple. I was my father's housekeeper and that was all I had to do, and for the rest of my time I would sit in a rocking-chair on the piazza and watch the people walk up and down the road. I noticed after a few weeks one young man, who seemed always in front of our house. He had a black mustache, and I thought I had never seen a finer Cuban gentleman than he was. He kept looking up at me, and I pretended that I could not see him at all. When a young man in Cuba is anxious to make a girl's acquaintance he walks up and down in front of her house like that.

*Vender listas* they call it, because the men who peddle lottery lists walk up and down that way. He kept smiling at me, and after a while, when he had walked this way several days, I went inside the house, when he came and stood at the window.

Then he came up onto the piazza, and asked me if we were comfortable.

The house, he explained, belonged to his

uncle, and he told me his name was Emilio Betancourt, and that he also was a prisoner on the island. After that he came up very often and talked to me through the window-grating.

You see, I had no mother or guardian with me or he could have come inside.



BETANCOURT.

I suppose he said to me just what an American gentleman would say to an American girl. I only know I was glad to hear it, and my father consented that we should be engaged. Emilio thought he might be pardoned and when we were free we were to marry.

After that he came a great deal of course, and I was very proud of him.

It is all over now, because I found out that he was not the brave Cuban patriot I



thought him, but was willing to save his own life at the price of the lives of his fellow-soldiers and his betrothed.

Things were very peaceful with us for quite a while. Governor Menendez was in military command of the Isle of Pines, and he did not molest us as long as the prisoners obeyed the regulations. My worst days were to come, when this Governor left us.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ARRIVAL OF COL. BERRIZ.

ONE afternoon Emilio came to see me. He seemed troubled and excited. I asked him what was the matter, and he said that a new military governor had been appointed. He did not know very much about this new ruler—Col. Jose Berriz. The other exiles came in, and yet no one seemed to have any definite information. Of course, there was a great deal of gossip. I remember that Emilio said that Col. Berriz had gained his appointment through Capt.-Gen. Weyler. He was a nephew of Gen. Azcarraga, the Minister of War in Canovas del Castillo's Cabinet, and, of course, he had but to ask for a place to secure it.

This was the talk among the prisoners, and, of course, we all feared what might happen when this new ruler came to take charge of us. A prisoner is so helpless—and that is the most terrible part of it—that one must fear everything and tremble at every sound. The men among the exiles said that Col. Berriz was a coward and that was the reason he had had himself made governor of the Isle of Pines—so he would not have to go into battle and fight. I do not know this, but I think he must have been a coward. Had he not been a coward, he would not have acted as he did. Brave men do not attack girls, who do not carry swords and cannot defend themselves.

I must tell you about this man, for it was he who brought about my imprisonment. And yet I hardly know how to tell you about him. When I was in prison I used to try and study out how it had all happened—and even to-day I do not quite understand.

The first time I saw him was one morning when I was standing in the doorway with Carmen, my sister. Among the political prisoners was a Cuban, who was secretary to the new military governor. It was

not considered dishonorable for him to take that position, for the prisoners must do the best they can. This man's name was Felix Arias Sagrera. I knew him as one of the exiles and as one who was supposed to be a faithful friend of Cuba.

This morning Sagrera passed our little house; in his company was a short, ugly, dark, little man with bushy hair and black whiskers on his cheeks. He looked very much like Capt.-Gen. Weyler.

As they passed the house he glanced up at me.

"Heavens," I exclaimed to Carmen, my sister, "what awful green eyes."

Sagrera came back alone in a little while and asked us if we had noticed his companion.

"That is Berriz," he said. "Don't you think he is a beauty?"



COL. FERRIZ.

I did not answer.

"He would make a beautiful corpse, anyhow," said Sagrera. "He is worse than the other one."

Sagrera was an old acquaintance of my father's. We had known him in the happy time before the war, and we trusted him as Cubans trust their friends. It did not surprise us to hear him talk thus bitterly, for as far as words go he was the staunchest patriot that ever suffered for his country. We were unguarded in our conversation before him, thinking we had nothing to fear from one of ourselves.

The next day Sagrera was back again.

"Evangelina," he said, "you have made a conquest. The governor is in love with you already."

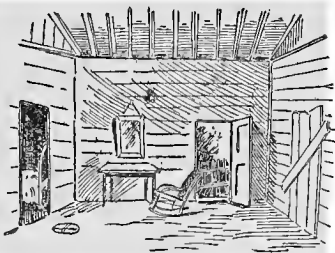
"He may keep his love, for all of me; the old Green Eyes," I answered.

That same day Berriz passed the house on horseback. He looked up at me and said out loud: "There is the prettiest little rebel of the war."

I went in doors immediately, and the Governor rode on laughing.

What happened three days later I do not

like to write about, only this is the true story of my life, and I must try and make you understand what happened. Then I did not clearly understand, but I am glad I carried the dagger my father gave me, and I think it right for a woman to be armed in war. Sometimes she must fight for herself as well



THE CISNEROS ROOMS.

as for her country. I would rather have died at once than have had my father think I could not fight for myself and my country. I know what my dear mother would have done, because she would have been braver than I was, but I thought of her and my dear father, and did what I could. When he caught me by the wrist—

But I forget, I have not told you what happened before. I am trying to write this history as well as I can, but at times I forget and cannot make the facts come in the order they should. It was so crowded and hurried and always it seemed that we were walking

under the shadow of death. Only father always wanted to die with a sword in his hand and I—because I was a woman, he said—could only tell my beads and pray for him and work for him.

Soon after the Governor stopped at my door and spoke to me.

“This is very comfortable for a prison, eh, Evangelina?” he said.

“Yes, Colonel Berriz,” I replied politely, for we were in his power, and I did not want to offend him needlessly.

“I make it as easy as I can for prisoners, and might do more, but I observe no sign of gratitude.”

“The prisoners are grateful for your clemency, Colonel Berriz.”

“I hate to lock people up,” he said, “but is a Governor to be the only one who suffers?”

“My father is calling; I must go,” I said, to end the unwelcome conversation, and hurried to my room.

The next day my father was arrested without warrant or charge, and was put in the *pro-tectorado* jail for exiles. This was early in the morning. He knew nothing of what Col. Berriz had said, because I was afraid to tell

A SPANISH CALVARY MAN

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON







him. Before noon I called at the prison. I asked the head jailer why my father had been taken to a cell.

"Ask the military governor," he said.

I went home, weeping all the way, for I did not know what to do. While Carmen and I were weeping together in our room, Sagrera came in and called to us. This was the Cuban who had taken the position of secretary to Col. Berriz. He was my father's old friend, and I ran to him and asked him what was to be done.

He advised me to go to Col. Berriz and plead for my father's release.

I wanted to send word to Emilio, but there seemed to be no time. He was not at his house. One of the prisoners—a very old man who had been in the Ten Years' War with my father—said he would go to Berriz. When he came back he would not speak to me nor give me any knowledge of the governor's answer. He sat down with his head in his hands, and told me my father was dead.

Sagrera spoke up and said that my father was not dead, but that if he were to be saved I must see the military governor at once. I had no hat—no mantilla. I remember I

ran bareheaded all the way. The guards let me pass, and I was admitted to the office where Col. Berriz sat.

Berriz received me courteously and spoke pleasantly.

“Why is my father arrested, Colonel Berriz?” I asked, as soon as we were face to face.

“What does it matter why,” he answered, “as long as he has such a daughter to intercede for him? He is no longer under arrest.”

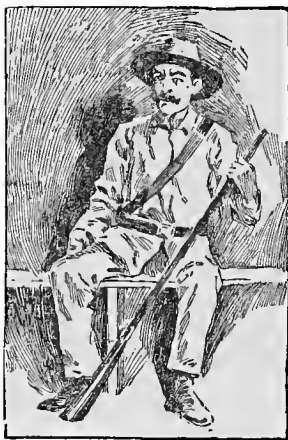
Berriz called an orderly and directed him to carry an order for my father’s release.

“You see I can refuse you nothing. You will come to me again, and

I will judge of your gratitude.”

He looked at me in such a way that my thanks almost stuck in my throat.

It almost seemed as though we were to be happy again but when I told my father all



A SPANISH GUARD.

that had happened, he said that I must always carry my dagger and that it was not hard to die, and that if I died I should see my mother and he would come to us there.

For a few days we saw nothing more of Col. Berriz. I never went out of doors, but every morning my father had to go to the inspection of the prisoners.

Again he was arrested; there was no charge against him—nothing.

Sagrera came.

“Your father is to be sent to Chaferinas,” he said, “the penal colony in Africa.”

I did not know what to do; I went away alone for a while and then I called Carmen, because her words seemed to make me braver and better. So I kissed her and told her she must lie down and I went out and told Sagrera he must send Emilio to me. He would not go and said my father would be sent to Africa and it would be my fault. But Carmen went and told Emilio—she could go because no one, not even the rough negroes, would speak harshly to her—no one ever spoke that way to Carmen.

Emilio came, but there were guards with him, and he dared not talk.

He said, "Do not be afraid; your father shall not go to Africa," and when he said that the soldiers struck him with the butts of their muskets and drove him down the street. He called back to me, but I could not hear the words.

It grew dark, and then the night came, and then—it happened.

It was the night of July 26th—I will never forget that date. I was sitting up late wondering why my father did not come. He was always home early, but here it was nearly midnight and he was not home yet. I did not know, of course, that Berriz had had him arrested again; this time secretly.

The night was beautiful—so still, and calm, and peaceful; but there was no peace in my heart.

Several times I decided to retire without waiting for my father, but I dreaded to lie down until he was in the house. I said my prayers, and that quieted me, but even prayer could not set my fears at rest.

Many times I went to the window and looked out into the night. Such a night! It is not thus in the North. In Cuba everything is still as death. The moon is a great

piece of gold, and it makes the whole world golden. Here the moon is silver, and at night everything is blurred, but in Cuba all is bright as day; the shadows are darker, that is all.

As I looked up the street I saw something move out of the shadow of a wall. The moonlight touched it and glittering spots appeared all over it. It moved nearer, and I saw it was a man. The moonlight touched him, and there seemed a hundred spots on him that gleamed like fireflies. Another moment and he was swallowed in the dark shadow of another wall.

I realized what the skulking figure meant. It seems to me not strange that there should come to us a warning when misfortune threatens. Presentiments had come to me before. All that night I had felt there was trouble in store for me. How? I cannot tell, but when you pray and tell your beads and no answer of comfort comes to your mind from Heaven you know in your heart that it is woe.

When I was a little girl, a nurse told me this was the shadow of the dark angel's wing on your soul.

You can believe old nurses' stories at such times.

The end of the wall, in the shadow of which the figure had vanished, was near to our house. Soon the man came into the light.

He was in full uniform. The glitter was from the gold lace on his shoulders and cap, from the stars on his collar, from the braid on his breast, his belt and the hilt of his sword and from his spurs.

He came upon the veranda.

It was Col. Berriz. He had put on all the finery of a colonel, and all his military orders.

He glanced up and down the street.

He knocked at my door.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RESCUE.

FOR a moment I did not know what to do. I knew there was an officer at the door, but I did not know whether he had come to arrest me or to tell me of my father. I hesitated to lift the little wooden latch that was the only fastening we were allowed to have on the house-door, and this was only to keep the door from blowing to and fro in the wind.

There was another knock. I ran to open the door, but I was too slow.

The door flew open.

Col. Berriz had broken into our house.

We stood there looking at each other. He leaned upon his sword with one hand, and with the other trifled with his medals or stroked his mustache.

"You're surprised to see me," he said at length.

"You have come to tell me about my father?"

"That and some other matters, Evangelina."

"Where is my father?" I asked him.

"It would have been more courteous to ask your visitor to be seated, would it not?" said Col. Berriz. He did not wait for my reply, but took a chair between me and the door. This stopped a plan I had formed to dash by him and run into one of the other houses of the building.

Then he began to make love to me.

I could not answer him; indeed, I did not speak. Presently he ceased talking of love and began to talk of my father.

"You do wrong to quarrel with me, Evan-

gelina," he said. "You know that I have much power, and if you really wished to serve your father and gain his liberty you would be kinder to me. There is nothing that I would not do for you. You have it in your power to make your father a free man. I never threaten, but if your father should be sent to Ceuta or to the Chaferinas you would be to blame. You cannot expect to have all favors and give nothing in return."

I begged him to cease molesting me, to treat my father as any other prisoner. I pleaded with him in the name of his mother and his sister to spare me. I prayed to him in God's name—then I do not know what I said.

He laughed and said:

"Do you think I have dressed myself as for a princess's ball to come to a sermon by a little Cuban rebel?"

It was then he caught me by the wrist. He said he loved me, and tried to lift my hand to his lips, but I released myself. Then he became very angry, and did not say that he loved me, but told me that it was dangerous for me to quarrel with him.

Then for a moment he was quiet and stern,



and at last he said very softly that he loved me better than anything in the world. I did not know what to say to him, for I knew he was not telling the truth, because no man who loves any one would hurt them and scold them. No one had ever talked to me that way. With my father it was different, but when Emilo and I talked together we used to speak of Cuba, only of Cuba, and how all the misery would be over, were Cuba only free.

Col. Berriz was standing very close to me, but I tried to slip past him, for I thought I should be braver if even Carmen were with me. He caught me by the shoulder and pushed me against the wall so roughly that, had I not been so frightened, I should have cried aloud.

“Do you know I can make your father a free man—with that,” and he waved his hand, “do you know that if I send him to Ceuta or to the Chaferinas, it is your fault—yours alone.”

Then he shook me by the shoulders and all the time kept crying out my name, over and over again, and saying he loved me—but all the time I was afraid he would kill me. He

acted as though he were going mad and, I remember, I screamed and tore myself away from him and rushed toward my own room.

I had only one thought—to escape!

When I threw open the door of my room I screamed, for Berriz had caught me by the arms.

Then I hardly know what came to pass; only it seemed that of a sudden men poured in through the outer door, through the little window of my room; there were shouts and oaths; I heard Carmen crying out for me to come to her; I was pushed aside by the crowd of men that swarmed out upon Berriz and, for a moment, I knew only that I was saved.

I heard the men shouting and then I heard Berriz praying for mercy. Among the men was Emilio Betancourt, my betrothed. There were many others whom I knew, friends of my father and my friends.

I understand that they bound Col. Berriz, and that a handkerchief was fastened over his mouth to stifle his cries, but this I did not see, for I was hiding in my own room.

I think it would be better to tell the story of how I was saved in the words of one of my rescuers. Pablo Superville was one of

those who came first to my aid, and he has written out for me the story of that night as he understood it. I wish to thank him for all he has done.

He writes :

“ I was about to go to bed in my uncle's house, near by, when I heard a girl's cry for help. I went

out to go to her assistance, and when I reached the street I found that the cries, mingled with a man's threats, to make the girl keep quiet, were proceeding from Evangelina's room. I met two other young men. (Emilio Vargas, a friend



PABLO SUPERVILLE.

of my cousin, to whom Evangelina was betrothed, saw one of them), who had also rushed out in response to the cries for help.

“We went into the room and found Evangelina struggling against Berriz’s efforts to overpower her. We knew it was Berriz immediately, for the man in his inordinate conceit had come out in the full paraphernalia of his military rank, perhaps hoping thus to dazzle the young girl.

“His sword dangled by his side, and his breast was a mass of military orders and decorations, that, together with the gold lacings, and straps and buttons of his uniform, made him look as if he had adorned himself for dress parade. He is a big, powerful-looking man, and the mere slip of a girl struggling to free herself from his grasp made my blood boil, as I needed no one to tell me what it all meant.

“Vargas was the first in the room. He grabbed Berriz by the shoulders and pulled him away from the girl. Vargas almost threw him to the floor. Berriz had hardly time to be aware of our presence in the room. As soon as he felt Vargas’ hands on his shoulders he let Evangelina go.

“We rushed upon Berriz and bore him to the floor.

“The man was so frightened, coward that he

is, that he hardly made resistance. He tried to awe us with his military rank as military commander of the island. He ordered us out of the house, as military commander, he said, and if we did not go we would repent it, he added.

“For his commands we gave him blows, but much as we would have liked to beat him so that he would carry the marks forever, still there was no attempt nor intention to kill him. Perhaps we even did not beat him as much as he deserved.

“When we had him on the floor some one suggested that we bind his arms and take him to the judge, Don Enrique Gonzalez. A piece of rope was secured and we proceeded to carry out this idea, and tied him securely.

“Berriz offered little or no resistance. Perhaps we did not give him a chance to draw his sword, but I don't believe he ever thought of his sword, so scared was he. When he found that he could not frighten us with his words he changed his tactics and pleaded for mercy. If he had been a child he could not have acted more weakly. His words, as he begged us to spare him the humiliation of being turned over, with his arms

bound, to the judge of the place of which he was the military commander, were almost choked with sobs, and I believe there were even tears in his eyes.

“Then when he found that his pleas for mercy were of no avail he began to cry out ‘Murder!’ ‘Help!’ and the like. These cries attracted soldiers in the neighborhood, and eight or nine of them came rushing into the room. They were armed and we were not. Moreover, we recognized the futility of trying to cope with them; we had no weapons of any kind, so we fled, every one of us getting away.

“I went back to my uncle’s house and quickly got into bed. In my room I heard shots fired and cries of ‘Viva Cuba Libre.’ The firing and the crying of ‘Viva Cuba Libre’ were kept up the rest of the night. Berriz had told the soldiers to do this, for it was the soldiers who cried ‘Viva Cuba Libre,’ to create the impression that there was an uprising.

“If we had wanted to kill Berriz we could easily have done so, for he was absolutely in our power long enough for us to have dispatched him with his own sword.”

Meanwhile I was left alone. I had closed the door of my bedroom as soon as I could, and sat there trembling while the shooting was going on in the rear of the house, and the Spanish soldiers were releasing Berriz in the front room. They did not come after me, and for hours I waited in apprehension.

I had no doubt that Col. Berriz would seek to be revenged upon me. I did not know what to do. As far as I knew I was entirely unguarded, but how to get away from the island I could not think. However, I determined to risk it. I thought any fate was preferable to my being captured there. So at about three o'clock in the morning I slipped out of the door and went back toward the hills. I knew of a little cabin up there where I thought I might hide until something happened or the excitement subsided.

I was about to enter this cabin when I heard voices inside, and looking in at the open door from the shelter of a tree I saw some soldiers were already there. I hurried away further back into the hills.

Daylight came and I was still alone. I hastened to hide myself. In a little ravine the

rocks came together and formed a natural shelter, a little cave out of which a rill of water ran. There I hid.

I tried to drink the water, but found it was undrinkable because of some minerals in it. Then I realized I could not stay there. Thirst and hunger would surely drive me out, even if the soldiers did not find me, so I retraced my steps, went back to Santa Cruz, entered my own house and found my sister Carmen half dead with anxiety about me. I was worn out, my clothes were stained with mud from the soil of the cave. I bathed and dressed myself and set about getting breakfast.

Those exiles who had rushed out the back way when the soldiers broke in my house door had been recaptured; I had supposed some of them were killed in the firing; but, if they were, no report of their death was ever made.

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN PRISON.

IN the morning two soldiers came and made me a prisoner. We were not kept long at the Isle of Pines. I did not see Ber-riz again for many months.



Once more we were marched aboard the *Nuevo Cubano*. This time I was as much a



PRISON RATIONS.

prisoner as any of them. Carmen, too, though she had not known anything about

the events of that night, was a prisoner by my side. We steamed out of the little bay and to the mainland of Cuba. It was a dreary, weary journey this time. Our treatment was the same as that of the other prisoners. We had to eat the *rancho* that was left after the soldiers had made their meal. In due time we came to Batabano and were again hurried into the cars. There was no gentle lieutenant in command of our guard this time to give me fresh fruit and bid me not despair. The soldiers whenever they spoke to us either jeered at our distress or insulted us. As before, the train was guarded with a traveling fort at each end, and a pilot locomotive went ahead to make sure that the roadway had not been blown up. There were soldiers on every platform to fight off the insurgents if the train was attacked.

Our only hope seemed to be that the rebels would attack the train and deliver us from our guards. Then we would be in Cuba Libre, and I found myself dreaming of being a nurse with the army of my country, and helping make well again the poor Cuban soldiers who had been wounded in fighting



SPANISH INFANTRYMAN.



for liberty. I think every prisoner on the train felt as we did and hoped as we did. But mile after mile passed by and no help came. There was nothing to be seen from the car windows but palms and tobacco plantations and sugar fields, with here and there a little stone fort with its Spanish garrison.

At last we reached Havana. My sister and myself were put in a *carreta* and taken to *Recojidas*, the prison for abandoned women in Cuba. We had lived among prisoners and among soldiers, but we had never met the awful creatures who were locked up in that jail which was to be my home for fifteen months. I knew something about the inside of jails, but I had never heard of such a place as this.

We were taken through a barred door and examined in the office of the warden of the jail. They asked me to make a statement and questioned me about the events of the night when Berriz came to my house. I told them nearly all the truth, suppressing only the names of my friends, because I did not want to get anybody else into trouble. Then another door was opened to us, and my sister

and myself found ourselves in a great cage with, it seemed to me, hundreds of the most terrible women that could be dreamed of.

I had prepared myself to live in a cell alone and to suffer the common fate of a prisoner, but I found that even the poor grace of privacy was not vouchsafed. My home was to be among these women.

Carmen and I tried to find a corner where we would be alone, but they followed us and made fun of our terror. Presently they pressed closer to us, and a big negress caught me and threw me down on the floor. They searched me and took away the few small things I had retained, but I really had nothing of value, so that robbery hardly profited them. So it was, day after day. But we made no answer to the worst things they could say to us, and after a while they found they were tired of the sport of annoying us and then we had intervals of peace.

Before this we had learned we were not the only good women confined in that terrible place. There were other women, such as Senora Agramonte and Miss Aguilar, who were political prisoners, but they, like Carmen and myself, were in the same place

with all these negresses and evil white women, who had been taken from the streets for committing robbery and murder. As soon as Senora Agramonte learned who I was, she



THE DAILY TASK.

came to me and tried to comfort me. She was even worse treated than I was, but her presence there was a great comfort to me. Had I been the only respectable woman in

that prison, Heaven only knows what would have become of me, but her words kept ever before me the knowledge that there was a world outside, where everything was not evil and brutal.

The work of the prison was done by the prisoners, and we had to do our part. Like the others, I had to scrub the floors and do other menial offices, and it seemed to afford the rest great delight to see me at the work.

I would rather be dead and in my grave, with the cross at my head and a stone at my feet, than to be for one day in that place again. It was not the day that made me wish to die. In the daytime we huddled all together like scared sheep; the negresses, the women who never spoke to me, and I. We were in a pen, like a pen for wild animals. There were bars in front of us, and men used to come in from the street and take hold of the bars and lean in and look at us. They blew the smoke of their cigarettes in the faces of the women huddled there, and they laughed and made jokes with each other about us.

The negresses were kind enough to me after awhile, but they could not see why I turned



my back when people came in and looked at us; one of them took me by the shoulder one day and pulled me around with my face to the bars, and said, "Get used to it; you might as well begin now," and then they all laughed, and a ragged man held up a little boy to look in and see, and the little boy laughed and put his hands over his eyes to mock me. If I had had a machete there I would have killed that woman. Being in prison does not make one feel like being good.

But the day I could get through somehow. I was angry sometimes, and that helped me to live; but at night, when everything was still and I was shut up in that pen, with those awful women, something used to rise up in my throat and choke me, and I had to say my prayers over and over again to keep from tearing my throat open.

I did not know whether my father was dead or alive or what was going on outside the little pen where I lived. One day the warden of the prison came to my cell and showed me an American paper. It was the *Journal*. There was a picture of me in it. "You have some fine friends," said the warden; "they

will cry when you stand up before the soldiers with a bandage over your eyes and the word is given to shoot."

I could not speak. I could not even think. At first I was ashamed. I did not know how



WARD IN THE RECOJIDAS PRISON.

my picture could be in the paper from far-off America.

So it went on for half a year. My sister Carmen was only kept in the prison three weeks. At the end of that time she was released and I did not hear of her again until I, too, was free. One by one my other friends were set at liberty, but their places were taken by other good women, who because

they were the wives or sisters of rebels were locked up there. One side of the great room in which we were all confined, like cattle in a corral, had no wall except the bars. There visitors could come and talk to us, and many people came to stare at the women as if they were animals in a menagerie.

One day I was told that a gentleman desired to see me. I went to the bars and found there a stranger. He told me he was a correspondent of the *New York Journal*; his name was George Eugene Bryson and he explained to me that the paper he represented had heard of my case and was endeavoring to have me released. I did not know just what was being done, but I found that I was being treated with more consideration. Some time later two ladies called to see me. They were the wife and daughter of Consul-General Lee of the United States.

The visit of Mrs. Lee was like the coming of an angel. She spoke to me as she might to her own daughter. She promised to do for me a number of little things, that only a woman could do, and that night, when I said my prayers, I prayed, too, that all happiness might come to the beautiful American lady

who had been so kind. Very soon after that there came the greatest piece of good fortune that had happened to me since my troubles began. I was taken from that awful hall, and with the other political prisoners was transferred to a cell of our own in another part of the prison. Here, at least, we could keep clean and be spared the sights and sounds of that assembly room, where the dreadful women were gathered. My new-found friends took care that we should have what comforts were permitted. We were allowed to cook our own food and we had books to read. There were many women there who could neither read nor write, and I was able to do a service for these by attending to their correspondence.

Mr. Bryson came again and again, and told me that the American women were trying to help me. If the American women, who have done so much for a poor, friendless girl, could know how my heart leaped when I found that they were my friends, I am sure it would make them happy.

Every night, when I lay down to sleep I have prayed for those women, and we say in Cuba that the prayers of the unhappy are always

answered. For a long time I was much less miserable. I fixed a little place in my cell where I could wash and dress myself. I made of a box, which some one brought me, a little table, where I kept my things. I saved all the papers my friends brought me, and I cut some of the pictures out and put them on the walls of my cell.

I used to make the good coffee in the morning, and if any of the women were sick I made them a fresh cup of it, so that they should feel better. I had a little cup, shaped like an egg, only much thicker, and a saucer with a crack in it. I had a plate and a little steel knife and fork, and I also had a tin coffee pot and a little alcohol lamp. So you see I was quite a housekeeper.



PRISON  
WASH-  
STAND.

I used to cut out the paper in little scallops and make a table cloth of it. One of the women had a birthday when I was in prison, and I made her a beautiful cup of coffee, with two whole lumps of sugar in it. She was so happy that the tears rolled down her cheeks. She was a little Cuban woman, who was arrested for concealing arms for the Cubans. I do not know whether she was



THE CHAIR.

falsely charged or not. There are so many spies in the prison and out that even we women did not dare to say the thing we meant to each other. That was one of the worst things about the whole prison. I am not over it yet—that feeling that I am spied upon and watched and the people do not believe me and that I must not believe them

when they speak to me. I often think about that little Cuban woman now. Coming up on the ship I thought of her. She was a strange little thing, and she was always talking about the trees and the flowers and the sea, and wishing she could see them. She was not very well, and sometimes at night she would jump up and say she was drowning, and then she would walk up and down the floor and cry and say that if she could only have one breath of the clean sea air again she would come back to prison and die content. Her husband was a fisherman.

There was a woman in the prison who was not quite like other women. She used to sing at night, under her breath, with a sort

of humming noise, like a great bee, buzzing in the room. At first I liked to hear her singing, but after a while, when I looked at her, I saw that she was rocking to and fro, and she had her arms folded across her breast, as if she had something in them. Once, when I made her a cup of coffee, she turned away from me, and I saw her take the cup and make as if she was feeding something with it. She always laughed when I spoke to her about it, but I believe she thought she had a baby in her arms. She did not have much to say to the other women and they made a good deal of fun of her. I don't believe she will live very long.

There was such a queer smell in the prison. I cannot tell what it was like, but since I have been here I have dreamed of it. The first night I was here I dreamed of it, and I awoke and I was trembling and crying.

I did not like any of those women at first, and I never could bear to hear them talk; but when I had written the letters for them I began to feel a little different. Every one of them had some one that she loved and prayed for.

One day they came and told me seriously

that I was to be sent to Spain and put in a convent for twenty years. They were always telling me things; first that I was to be sent



THE OLD NEGRESS.

to Africa, then that I was to be led out into the square and shot, like a spy; then that I was to be imprisoned for life in Cuba; and when they told me about Spain I thought they were telling me the truth. The man who told me laughed; always before that he had pretended to pity me. I remember that I went and sat in the corner of my cell and

tried to imagine how I would feel in twenty years from now. Thirty-nine years old I would be, and I would have white hair and



my face would be full of lines, and I would know nothing except how to embroider and to say my prayers and to scold.

So the time passed away. I had been in that prison fifteen months.

No more friends came to see me, because General Weyler was angry at what the American newspaper had done and because the Queen Regent of Spain had cabled him about my case in response to the petitions of the American ladies and had ordered me to be placed *incommunicado*—that is, I was not to be visited nor was I to receive or send messages.

But I had visitors that I did not want to see. The Marquis of Cervera came and wanted me to withdraw my accusation against Col. Berriz. He threatened me. He wanted me to confess that Col. Berriz had come to my room that night at my invitation.

I told him I would die in *Recojidas* first.

They told me Mr. Bryson had been sent away from Cuba because of what he had written for the *Journal* about me.

Then everything was dark to me and there no longer seemed any hope. How little we know what the future has in store for us.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THROUGH THE BARS.

WHILE all seemed so dark and helpless to me in my prison, events were shaping toward my delivery. For weeks a brave, strong man had been watching the jail, seeking some weak spot, trying to find some way to rescue me.

But of this I knew nothing. I had heard the name of him who was to be my deliverer, because Mr. Bryson had conveyed word to me that Mr. Karl Decker was to succeed him as correspondent of the *New York Journal* in Havana, and had bade me have every confidence in him, but I heard nothing of the new correspondent after he called at the prison and did not even know that he was still in Cuba.

And then New York seemed so far away.

I had many fantastic dreams in my prison, but I never dreamed of liberty coming to me from an American newspaper. I could not understand why a citizen of your great republic should risk danger and death to save an unknown, helpless Cuban girl in a Spanish jail.

But one afternoon some one slipped a letter into my hand. I shall not tell who the "some one" was. I have promised not to do it. The letter asked me if I could think of any way to escape. It said that I had friends outside who would help me. From the moment I got that letter I became perfectly calm and self-possessed. I was not afraid or excited, or glad or sorry any more. I just thought and thought and thought. My father has a saying, "Courage is King." I kept saying that over and over to myself, and then I began to draw a plan of the prison and of the window.



SHE RECEIVES A LETTER.

Then I pretended to be studying an English grammar I had; what I really was doing was writing this letter that I sent out that same afternoon:

*My plan is the following: To escape by the roof with the aid of a rope, descending by the front of the house at*

*a given hour and signal. For this I require acid to destroy the bars of the windows and opium or morphine so as to set to sleep my companions. The best way to use it is in sweets, and thus I can also set to sleep the vigiliants.*

*Three of you come and stand at the corners, a lighted cigar will be the signal of alarm, for which I may have to delay, and a white handkerchief will be the agreed signal by which I can safely descend. I will only bring with me the necessary clothes tied around my waist. This is my plan; let me know if it is convenient.*

I soon got my answer back from my mysterious friends. They told me to be at the window the next night at midnight, but they sent me no morphine.

I had a very bad tooth and it had ached a great deal. The doctor of the prison gave me laudanum for my tooth. He would not give it to me at first, but I cried and moaned and walked up and down my cell and begged him very hard. So he gave it to me.

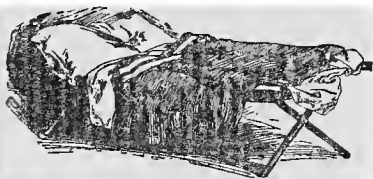
He said, "Be careful, little one; this laudanum kills people."

I laughed and said, "Tell me true, doctor, how much of this would kill a woman like me?"

"Twenty drops," he said.

So in the afternoon I made coffee, and I dropped the laudanum in the coffee. I had to do it very quickly for fear some of the women would see me, but I was very careful, for I did not want to hurt any of them.

When the women had all gone to sleep, I put on my dress and I stood at the window and waited. The women in the cell all slept soundly enough, but the woman who thought she held a child in her arms would not lie still. She kept turning over and taking long breaths, as if she were going to speak. Every time she moved I turned cold to my finger tips. Once she sat up and looked straight at me. I think my heart



MISS CISNEROS' COT.

stopped beating. I started to speak and she lay down again. While I stood at the window

I said my prayers, and I counted, and I did everything I could to keep myself quiet.

At last I heard a noise. It sounded like some one scratching on a pane of glass. I stood quite still and watched. I saw the top of a man's head coming up over the roof of the house next to the prison; then I saw the man walking on the roof. He looked like the shadow of a man. He seemed to come toward me with such long, quick steps, that I felt as if he were not a real man at all, but something I was dreaming.

He put his hand through the bars and took hold of my hand.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "we will soon have you out of here."

I did not speak one word. The man began to saw on the bars. The saw made a terrible noise. I do not see how the women in the cell could sleep through it. I wrapped a sheet round me, so that if any of the women in the cell woke up they would not see that I was dressed.

All at once some one coughed. The woman who had frightened me before sat up and began to talk.

"My head aches," she said. "I feel as if



RESCUER AND RESCUED.





I was choking. Who is that at the window?"

"I am at the window," I said. "I am sick and I came to get a breath of air." The men turned at once and ran quickly across the roof and disappeared.

Then I went back to my bed and lay down, and in about ten minutes, I think it could not have been longer, I was fast asleep. I do not see how I could sleep, but I know that I did. In the morning, when I awoke, I was so weak that I could scarcely lift my hand. All that day I sat in the cell and wondered when some one would speak about that bar in the window. I do not see how it was that no one noticed that it was partly sawed through.

I began to sing a little and to talk, trying to get the women to look at me and to keep away from the window, but one of them said that I must have had good news to make me talk so much, and I did not dare to speak again.

That day was a life to me. When night came I made coffee again, and again I put the laudanum in the coffee. Then I lay down in my bed and pretended to go to sleep.

When I made the coffee that night one of the women said that she had felt sick all day and she did not know what was the matter with her, and she believed I had bewitched the coffee.



LAUDANUM IN THE COFFEE.

All the women laughed at this, and I laughed too. Well, at last they went to sleep, and then I got up and put on my dress and stood at the window again, and counted again, and prayed again. The moon was shining very bright; oh! so big and round

and white; there were three clouds near the moon, and one of them was shaped like a mountain, and I played to myself that I would climb up that mountain, and I began in my mind to walk up the jagged edges of the cliffs.

It was, somehow or other, all like a dream, and I was not at all surprised when some one spoke my name quite in my ear. A man

stood on the roof and was looking in at the window. He asked me if I were ready, and I said I was. Then he began to work on the bars of the window. He twisted and turned the bar with something which he had in his hand. Click! it broke!

I was perfectly calm until that moment, but had I not put my hand over my mouth, I should have screamed aloud, when I saw the bar break.

Then the man at the window put his shoulder under one end of the bar and he pushed with all his strength against it. I tried to take hold of the bar and help him, but he pushed my hand away, as if he were very angry. At last the bar was lifted. The man put his arms inside the window and took me by the shoulders.

"Don't try to climb," he said, "they would hear you."

So I hung there like a dead woman, and the man lifted me out of the window, and I stood on the roof, with two bearded men. One of them took me by the hand and we crept across the roof to the wall. There was a ladder, running from the wall to another roof.

One of the men wanted to carry me across the ladder—as if I needed that ! I was so light I could have flown across. I ran over the ladder as surely as if it had been solid ground; the men crawled over slowly and carefully, and I almost laughed at their awkwardness.

We climbed down from the roof into the *patio* of a little house and then went into the house itself.

Oh ! it was good to be free. One of the men took me by the hand and led me quickly into the street. There a carriage was waiting. In a moment we were in the carriage and being driven away—away to freedom ! I don't think any of us spoke.

When we had ridden quite a little way the carriage stopped and the two men took me into a house. I do not know whose house it was, nor even in what street it was; nor if I did know should I tell. There was a room ready for me and I went upstairs into the room and went to bed. I don't think I thanked the men who had brought me there. I did not go to sleep all night. Once in a while I started to fall into a little doze, but I always found myself climbing up the sides

of the steep mountain with the round moon staring down at me like a sick face.

In the morning some one brought me food, but it was a whole day before I could eat. I stayed in that house three days. On the morning of the third day the people brought me a suit of boy's clothes, and told me I must put them on. I was afraid I should have to cut my hair. I tried to smooth it down close to my head and to put on a big slouch hat, but it would not look nice. At last, however, I got some pomade and plastered my hair down very smooth. Then I cut some of it off, so as to leave some short hair to show my hat around my face.

I put on the boy's suit and I walked up and down my room and practiced stepping like a man. My feet looked very large in the boy's shoes, and I could not help trying to hide them all the time. I think I laughed a good deal when I was practicing to look like a man, but it is all so much like a dream to me that I can't exactly tell. My suit was blue, what you call serge. I wore a butterfly neck-tie and a large American slouch hat.

At 5 o'clock on the third day I left the house to go to the steamer. My rescuers

told me to take long steps and not to look around, and, most important of all, not to recognize them, for they said they would be near me all the time until I was safe on the steamer.

All the way across Havana I walked with long steps, with a big cigar in my mouth. Straightaway through Obispo street I went, the busy street of Havana, where there is always a crowd, and the sidewalks are so narrow that when two people meet one of them must step down into the roadway.

Every once in a while I would catch a glimpse out of the corner of my eye of my friends. Mr. Decker was nearest, just half a dozen steps behind me, on the other side of the street, strolling along with his hands in his pockets and his eyes everywhere except on me—just like a great boy, without a thing in the world to think about, and further back were the others, not one of the three seeming to know each other or myself. So we walked through Havana to the dock. There I got into a small boat.

The boat went up to the *Seneca*. I sat and waited.

A sailor came to the edge of the steamer

and said to me in Spanish, "Follow me." I followed him.

There were plenty of police there. The Chief of Police stood beside the rail as I passed. I puffed very hard on the cigar and made a great cloud of smoke about my face. I might have been his grandmother for all he could see through the smoke.

An officer examined my passport. It was for Juan Sola, aged eighteen, sailor by profession. He passed it without a second glance. I followed the sailor to a little cabin on deck. He opened the door and told me to go in. I went in and crawled under the lowest berth and lay there.

They made up the berth above me, and I lay in the dark, like a dead person in a coffin. But O, how glad I was to be there!

## CHAPTER IX.

### UNDER AMERICA'S FLAG.

How long I lay under the berth I do not know. It seemed a lifetime. Now and then I thought I heard some one coming, and shuddered to think of what awaited me if I were taken back. I felt a slight motion of the boat, but it did not seem that it had

started. Suddenly I heard the door of my stateroom open and some one came in. I heard the heavy step of a man moving about the room, and knew I was being searched for. I felt sure all was lost, but I held my breath and pressed close to the wall. I heard the man strike a match, and then, I thought, now it is all over. I made up my mind that when I was taken out on deck I would jump overboard the first moment I could.

"Evangolina," some one called.

I did not answer.

"Miss Cisneros, where are you? I am ——" (he called out his name, which for his own sake must still be kept secret).

"Where are you, Evangolina?" he repeated.

I knew it was a friend, and I crawled out from under the berth, and when I looked in the laughing face of my friend I began to cry.

"We are from Havana one hour out," he said gently, "and nobody can harm you now. Come up on deck and see how you like liberty."

I tried to think of something to say, but how could I? It seemed too good to be true.



I simply cried and cried. I did not go out on deck, for I was feeling too weak. I stayed in the stateroom until the next day, and then, having changed the boy's clothes for the red dress I had worn when I came from prison, left the stateroom.

I went up on deck, and the passengers gathered around me, and the ladies kissed me and the gentlemen talked to me and told me what a brave girl I was, and brought me ice-water, a chair and a rug, and you would have imag-



DOWN THE GANGWAY.

ined I was the greatest woman in the world.

But I'm afraid I didn't hear much the passengers said to me. I just sat and listened to the water rushing past the ship.

Do you know what I thought of most on my way to New York?

I kept continually asking myself what I could say to the men who had saved me, that would even faintly express my gratitude.

Every day on the steamer was an epoch in my life. One night one of my new-found friends pointed out what I thought was a star.

"Do you know what that is?" he said; "that is Hatteras light."

"Then that is America," I said—I could say no more. I am not demonstrative ordinarily, but I need not say how much that light meant for me. I knelt down there and thanked God that a free country was so near.

When we sailed up the beautiful bay toward New York, I could not look out, I was so excited. Finally we stopped and a little steamer came alongside the *Seneca*. There on the deck I saw my first friend, Mr. Bryson. All round him were others, with smiles on their faces, and I knew from their kind eyes that they, too, were friends, though I had never seen them before. Then I did a very foolish and childish thing. I rushed

into my cabin and buried my face in the pillow of my berth and cried, and it was some time before I was able to leave the room.

How I got on the little steamer I do not know. The first I remember is that some ladies were hugging me, and crying over me, and I was hugging them, too, and crying and laughing like a girl with hysterics. Then it was all confusion again until I found myself in a carriage, traveling up a street more wonderful than any of which I had ever dreamed. I thought the street would never end. As far as I could see it still went on between the rows of palaces like a cañon in fairyland. At last we came to the hotel.

My new friends brought me into beautiful rooms and told me to rest and I sat down and closed my eyes and tried to think. Everything had happened so quickly. It was such a great change that I almost feared it was a dream and I might wake up and see the sky through the bars of my prison again. For some days I rested, not because I was tired, but to please my new friends, who seemed to think I was made of thin glass that would break if they were not careful. Many people came to see me. Some of them were great

men and they brought their wives and daughters, and I never could get used to being of so much consequence.

One day I was told that there was a gentleman to see me in the parlor. I went in, and there I saw the man whom first I had seen through the bars of my prison window on the roof of *Recojidas*. Of course, I started to thank him, but the words of gratitude gave way to tears. He had come to accompany me, he said, to a reception which was to be held that evening. When the time came we rode together to a large banquet room, where I met ever so many people, most of whom, I learned afterwards, are great and famous. It was like a queen's reception, having so many gentlemen of distinction, with their wives and daughters, come to one and speak with so much kindness and sympathy. I was asked to make a little speech, and I did so, but I was not able then, and the more I think of it, the more I realize, that I shall never be able to say what I felt. When it was too late, though, I thought of many things I ought to have said, and wondered if they all thought me very stupid and ungrateful.

Then we went to Madison Square. Mr.

Decker and myself were escorted to the platform by a number of soldiers, sailors and policemen, all in uniform. "A guard of honor," I thought, "and for me!" I thought of things that had happened only a week before, and wondered if there could be two persons with the name of Evangelina Cisneros.

The people cheered and cheered when we came on the platform, and as I looked over the great sea of faces, my eyes filled with tears, and the only response I could make to this great gathering of good people was to wave my handkerchief. I think they understood, though here again I felt more than I shall ever be able to express.

Then came the music, the beautiful patriotic airs of free Cuba, and all the while the sky was ablaze with fireworks. You know, when I was not thinking how much I myself owed to the American people, I seemed to see through all the cheering and the music and the brilliant lights, the real, the grand future of Cuba. With so many friends before me, I could wish but one thing, and that was that the brave men at home might be present, if but for a moment, to hear the American people cheer.

After the speechmaking by the Senators and Congressmen, Mr. Decker took me by the hand, and we stood up and bowed while the people cheered and cheered until I thought they never would cease. Years and



THE NEW YORK WELCOME.

years from now, if I live, I will hear and see those people, as distinctly as I do at the present moment.

Soon after this—I think it was about a week later—I went to Washington. I had not thought it possible that there could be another city in which so many people would show as much kindness as the New Yorkers, but in the Capital City I learned again that the sympathy of the American people does not end with a mere word. There was another great reception to my rescuer and myself; there was more music, more cheering and another procession in our honor. When I learned that this was Mr. Decker's old home the cheering crowds had a new interest for me; they had known this man whose coming had meant so much to me; they had known him years and years ago, I thought; they are well able to cheer him.

The meeting in the great hall was such a meeting as I would wish to see in Cuba. I should like to see so many people cheering Cuba's flag at a great gathering on Cuba's own soil. It would mean that the reign of wrong had ended. It would mean that the Cuban patriot would not need to tremble for his home, his wife and daughter.

I was introduced to Corporal Tanner, and when the cheering had partly ceased he

made a speech in which he spoke frequently of Cuba, Mr. Decker and myself. I could not understand what he said, but I understood the hearts of the people about us when they would rise up, as they did every few minutes, and cheer at something Mr. Tanner had said.

When Mr. Decker stood up to speak I had a friend translate for me his words.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "I wish to introduce Miss Cisneros. Ex-Secretary Carlisle says Spain can have her. All I have to say is, let Spain send and get her!"

For the first time the great cheering almost made me timid. I bowed to the people and thought how much I would like to say, but how little all I could say would express my feelings.

I shall always remember the greatness and goodness of the American heart, for here at these meetings they expressed together what had come to me first by a single act and a single voice.

One morning I was told that I was to see President McKinley. To me this was the climax. "Now," I thought, "Now I can do something for my country. Perhaps my





AT THE RECEPTION.



great good fortune will not end with myself, but will extend to my fellow-countrymen."

I thought over what I would say to the President. Up to the moment of departure I kept repeating to myself a plea for my country:

"I come to speak to you," I determined to say, "for the women and children of Cuba, who are helpless. The men, they speak for themselves in the field—but the women—the children—who are the victims of murder and outrage, must look to the great civilized Government of the United States for protection. They ask you to see that wholesale murder shall not any longer be committed by the Spanish troops, and that those who are unable to defend themselves against barbarity shall find a defender in the Government of the United States. The mothers and daughters of Cuba ask you on their knees to save them from further outrage. One word, one stroke of your pen means freedom and happiness for them. You cannot, ah, you cannot forget the history of your own country. If you recognize the belligerency of the Cuban Republic our fathers and brothers will no longer be called

outlaws on the land and pirates on the sea. The women of Cuba will bless you for it. God will bless you and your country for it."



RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT.

It was Mrs. John A. Logan, the widow of the great General, who was to present me.

When I was driving with her to the White House, she said:

"You are trembling."

"Yes, madam," I confessed, "I tremble more than when I helped Mr. Decker to break through the bars of the *Recojidas*; more than when I gave laudanum to my fellow-prisoners; more than when I crossed the ladder that bore me to safety; more even than when in boy's clothes I walked through the streets of Havana. There is more than one life at stake."

We drove into the beautiful grounds about the White House, and tremblingly I entered the residence of the great governor of this wonderful land of brave people. As we stood in the waiting-room the door opened and an usher called:

"The President!"

Then he came in. I looked into his kind, gentle face, and I felt no more fear.

Mrs. Logan took my hand.

"This, Mr. President," she said, "is Evangelina Cisneros."

I stood face to face with the President of the United States. I, the prisoner of *Recojidas*, and I could not say a word. My poor speech for Cuba was forgotten; but I looked into the kind face of the President and what I thought I saw there made me content.

# United States of America.

STATE OF NEW YORK;  
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, } ss.

Be it Remembered, That on the Fifteenth day of October  
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, seven personally  
appeared Evangelina Lasso y Cisneros  
in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, First Judicial District,  
(said Court being a Court of Record; having common law jurisdiction, a Clerk and a Seal,  
and made his <sup>or</sup> Declaration of Intention to become a Citizen of the United States of  
America, in the words following, to wit:

"I, Evangelina Lasso y Cisneros  
do declare on oath, that it is bona fide my Intention to become a Citizen of the United  
States of America, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign  
Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the <sup>Queen</sup> ~~Emperor~~ of  
Spain of whom I am now a subject, (and that  
I arrived in the United States on the 12<sup>th</sup> day of Oct 18 97  
Sworn, this 15<sup>th</sup> day of October 189 7 Evangelina Lasso y Cisneros  
at Residence, Waldorf Hotel  
John H. Lass N. Y. City.  
Agt. Special Deputy Clerk.

In Attestation Whereof, and that the foregoing is a true copy of the  
original Declaration of Intention remaining of record in my office, I,  
HENRY D. PURROY, Clerk of the said Court, have hereunto  
subscribed my name and affixed the seal of the said Court, this 13<sup>th</sup>  
day of October 189 7

Henry D. Purroy Clerk

*And now I am in America.*

*On the fifteenth of October, 1897, I made application to the courts that my name might be enrolled as a citizen of this great, free country, and I have received my first papers of naturalization. There is nothing I can say that will in any way express the great love I have for the American flag—the flag under which I found freedom and safety.*

*My father is still in prison. He has not yet been deported to Spain. Now that General Weyler has been removed I have not lost all hope that he may yet be saved—if not to-day, yet in that great day when Cuba shall be free. Of the other friends in the Isle of Pines I dare not speak. Even to mention their names might bring trouble upon them. And of my sister Carmen, all I dare say is that she has been taken care of by friends of ours in Cuba. We shall meet, little sister, when Cuba is free!*

*Over me is the protection of the dear American flag. I may thank all my friends—the faithful women of America and the brave men they sent to rescue me. I thank them from my heart.*

*And now let me write the last word—VIVA CUBA LIBRE!*

*Evangelina Cisneros*





CUBAN HISTORY  
THE WARS FOR FREEDOM





THOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.

A SHORT summary of the more important events in Cuban history can hardly come amiss, even to those who are tolerably familiar with the stirring events of the last few years.

*"The Cuban Question" is a phrase that has been on the tip of the tongues of hundreds of thousands of citizens of these United States ever since that eventful 24th of February, 1895, when the present effort of Cuba to throw off the misrule of Spain in the island began.*

*In a general way, every well-informed person knows that the cause of this latest revolt of the Cubans was the intolerable tyranny and injustice exercised by the mother country in the government of this rich and patient colony. Few, however, are in possession of the detailed facts which history records, of the centuries-long oppression that has been the lot of the*

*unfortunate colonists. It is for the purpose of furnishing this information, in concise and accurate form, that the following outline has been prepared. The story is confined to a recital of events, and these are of such a nature that they are a complete answer to the query, "What brought about the revolt now in existence?"*

#### CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Cuba was discovered by Columbus in 1492, October 28, and recording this in his diary, the navigator writes: "This is the most beautiful land ever beheld by human eyes."

The "land" is shaped like an irregular crescent and its greatest length is 730 miles. Its total area is about 47,000 square miles, or a little larger than the combined area of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

Compared with the countries of the Old World, Cuba is three times as large as Switzerland, more than one-third larger than Ireland, about one-third larger than the kingdom of Portugal, and four-fifths as

large as England. Its population is about 1,631,000, comprising white Cubans, 950,000; colored Cubans, 500,000; and Spaniards 160,000. The coast-line of Cuba is 2,200 miles in length; and its harbors, including sheltered landings, number 200. This extraordinary physical configuration of the country plays an important part in its commercial life, the export trade of the island amounting at times to as much as \$83,000,000 annually. The interior is watered by 200 rivers and innumerable small streams. The largest river is the Cauto, 150 miles in length, and navigable by small vessels for fifty miles of its course.



CUBAN LOOK-OUT.

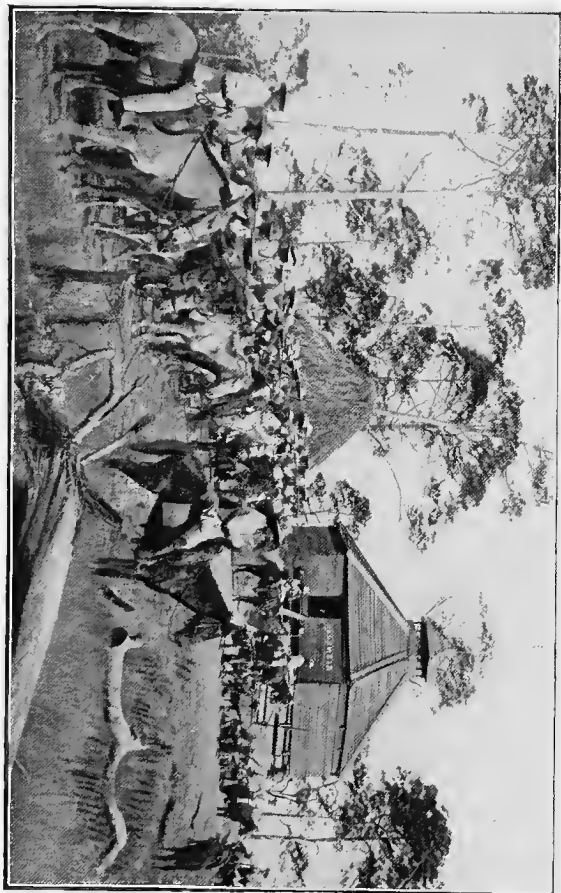
The principal products are sugar, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, bananas, cocoanuts, wax, cedar, mahogany and other woods.

#### EARLY HISTORY.

In 1511 an expedition was organized in San Domingo, numbering 300 men, among them Hernando Cortes, the future conqueror of Mexico, and the famous Father Las Casas. Diego Velasquez was the commander, and his object was to subjugate the island of Cuba, which was, at this time, a place of refuge for a large number of natives who had fled from San Domingo to avoid the harsh treatment they experienced at the hands of the Spaniards.

Hatuey, a native chief, was one of those emigrants, and on learning that the Spaniards had landed in Cuba he marshaled his warriors to oppose them. The struggle, however, was too unequal. The arrows of the Indians, pointed with fish-bones, and their clubs with heat-hardened ends, were no match for the swords, cavalry, cross-bows and fire-arms of the invaders. Hatuey was defeated, captured and condemned to be burnt at the stake.

SPANISH LEVIES.







His dying words were, "If the Spaniards go to heaven, then let me go to hell."

Velasquez, after he had made his conquest complete, parceled out the land to his Spanish followers and allowed them a certain number of natives to till it. These natives were "free"; but in name only. Their condition differed, in no material way from the natives, captured in war, who were frankly called "slaves" and openly sold in the market. This was the beginning of slavery in the island. There was a third class of na-



A TROCHA FORT.

tives. These were the men who remained free by paying in gold a heavy annual tax for the privilege.

## THE RULE OF SPAIN.

Years passed and this state of affairs remained unchanged by the mother country, nor was any effort made by Spain to elevate the people of Cuba from the dense ignorance in which they lived or to lessen their burdens of taxation. The world beyond their sea-bound home was a closed book to the inhabitants of Cuba, save for the unpleasant knowledge, brought by pirate raids, which laid waste their fields and coast-towns, and, on one occasion, captured and pillaged even Havana itself. Careless of the mental and moral welfare of the Cubans, Spain neglected to afford them even physical protection against their foes. Moreover, if in spite of these drawbacks, individual effort showed intelligent results, the Spanish Government, instead of encouraging the promoters, saw in success only an opportunity for heavier taxation.

This was particularly true of the culture of tobacco. As soon as this commodity showed its excellence and value under the cultivation of the Cubans, a tax was laid on it when growing, another when manufactured and a third when sold; and so exces-

sive were these extortions that on many occasions the planters destroyed their crops rather than submit to the avarice of the government.

A NEW ERA.

The year 1762 opened a new era and pre-



SENTINELS ALONG THE TROCHA.

pared the way for many coming changes, for in that year Havana was captured by the English and held by them for eleven months. During this period the port of Havana was open to foreign trade and for the first time the Cubans were made aware of the advan-

tages to be derived from such a policy. This epoch was the beginning of the unrest that has ever since pervaded the island like an atmosphere.

The Spaniards finally regained possession of the city and then there was a return to the old system, but the change had been worked and no amount of force or coercive legislation could undo it.

The opening of worlds beyond their own created a desire for education, and as Spain had provided no adequate institutions of learning in the colony the youths of wealthy families were sent to the United States and to France. In such numbers did they come and so eager were they in pursuit of knowledge that Spain deemed it dangerous to her interests, which were dependent on continued ignorance, and so in 1799 a Royal Decree was issued urging parents to discontinue this practice, which was likely to result in harm to them and their sons.

In 1828 the Royal Decree became more peremptory. The practice was prohibited. Parents who disobeyed were to be punished; all Cuban students in the United States were to return to their homes, and those who

had already returned, after completing their education, were to be kept under the eye of the police and their utterances and conduct carefully noted and reported.

The attitude of Spain in this matter may be taken as typical of her treatment of this colony in all the relations she has sustained towards it. The result has been that since the beginning of this century history records an almost uninterrupted series of uprisings and revolts, of which the present is the latest and most desperately fought.

#### THE EARLY REBELLIONS.

The earliest rebellion of the century was in 1823. It had its origin, as our own revolution did, in the resistance to taxation without representation, and it was brought about in this way:

Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808 and the King of Spain and the royal family were taken to France and detained as prisoners of war. During the absence of the King a national Junta (committee) was formed to defend the country. In 1810 a decree was issued by this Junta concerning the National Cortes (Parliament), and by the decree the

inhabitants of the Spanish colonies of America were not only authorized to elect deputies to represent them, but they were directed so to do. Acting in accordance with

this mandate, Cuba sent two deputies. In 1812 a constitution was adopted by the National Cortes, thus assembled and composed, and the first article contained the declaration that:

*Inasmuch as the Spanish nation is composed of all the Spaniards of both hemispheres, therefore inhabitants of all Spanish colonies are entitled to representation in the Cortes of Spain.*

Two years later Ferdinand VII. became monarch and he abolished this constitution

and the rights it gave. Then followed a struggle of six years, at the end of which the constitutional party triumphed and Cuba



A SPANISH SOLDIER.

was allowed representation, this time by four deputies instead of two. In 1823, however, the constitution was again set aside by the King, and Cuba, wearied with such trifling with her rights, rose in revolt. The infamous decree investing the Governor of Cuba (Captain-General) with the despotic powers which are described further on was issued by Ferdinand in 1825, and this was followed by an uprising in 1826 and another in 1828, when the tyrannical edict against education aggravated the other and more serious questions. In 1830 there was still another attempt to regain the rights granted under the constitution.

#### SPECIAL LAWS.

In 1833 Ferdinand died. This event was seized upon as the opportunity for framing a new and different constitution, which was adopted, but abandoned three years later for the original draft of 1812. By the provisions of this document Cuba was entitled to four deputies. Accordingly in the beginning of 1837 Cuba's representatives arrived at Madrid, but their certificates, upon presentation, were refused. A protest followed and the matter was referred to a

committee, which reported that it had carefully considered the matter and recommended that "in future the American and Asiatic provinces be governed by special laws and that their deputies be not admitted to the Cortes." This report was adopted and acted upon and Cuba was left without representation.

The reason for this arbitrary action was not hard to discover. Cuba was peopled at this time by two classes of whites—Cubans and resident Spaniards. The Government, having an eye to valuable monopolies, which it shared with individuals of Spanish birth, guarded jealously the interests of the Spaniards, thus insuring their allegiance, and on the other hand it degraded the white Cubans to the position of a conquered people. It was, in other words, detrimental to monopolistic enterprises, both governmental and private, to have Cuban representation in the Cortes, and therefore the deputies were excluded. Moreover, Gen. Tacon was then Captain-General of the island and his reports to Spain urged upon the people there the absolute necessity of military rule in Cuba and repeatedly de-



clared that under no other form of government could the country be saved for Spain and for the governmental monopolists.

Cuba was at this time paying vast tribute to Spain and it was sorely needed. Indeed the Minister of Finance, in a speech to the



A TYPICAL SPANISH FORT.

Cortes on the subject of the exclusion of the Cuban deputies, openly warned the members not to change the prevailing conditions and so "endanger the considerable contributions" with which the "wants of the mother country were relieved."

## THE ROYAL DECREE.

With no representation in the national council of the nation of which it had been assured it formed a part, how did Spain propose to govern Cuba? And had the Cubans any real cause to complain of the lack of representatives?

The answer to these questions is to be found in the Royal Decree dated March 28, 1825. This old law, still in force, still unchanged, has been one of the most potent factors in bringing on the present war.

This decree confers upon the ruler of Cuba (the Captain-General) explicitly and in these words "all the powers which by the royal ordinances are granted to the governors of besieged cities."

Now, be it understood, no such despotic power as that vested in the Captain-General of Cuba is held by any potentate on earth except the monarchs of Eastern despotisms. By its provisions the Captain-General is superior to the sovereign himself; he may disregard or set aside any law made by the King. By the will of the Captain-General and at his command persons have been imprisoned without trial, banished, deported to

AN INSURGENT BATTERY READY FOR ACTION.





penal colonies, their estates confiscated and their families reduced to destitution.

In this gross despotism lies the explanation of the revolts of 1848, 1850, 1851, 1855 and the ten years' war of 1868-78 and indirectly of the present rebellion.



GOMEZ.

Three years prior to the ten years' war the indications of coming trouble in Cuba were so unmistakable that Spain directed an election at which sixteen commissioners were to be chosen to present the case of Cuba to the home Government and to suggest reforms. The commission was elected and made its report, but its recommendations were completely ignored, and by way of answer, taxes were increased and the collections enforced with unusual severity.

It was a gage of battle. The Cubans did



MACEO.

not hesitate. Armies sprang up all over the island.

For ten years the contest raged and its cost to Cuba was 45,000 lives and \$1,000,000,000 (one billion) in money. Spain sacrificed over 200,000 lives, but laid the expenses of the war on Cuba. In the course of this conflict 13,000 estates were confis-

cated, many of them belonging to helpless women, whose only crime consisted in the fact that they were related to or sympathized with the insurgents.

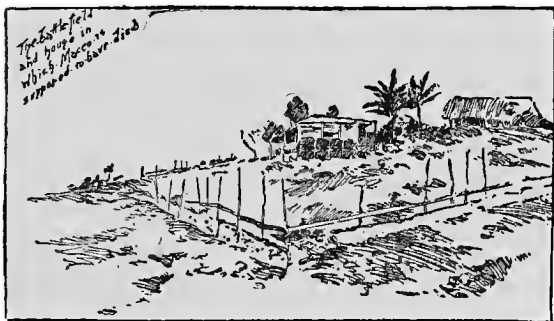
In five years 2,927 political prisoners were executed by the Spaniards. In a period of less than four years 4,762 persons were captured by the Spanish and have never been heard of since. What became of them? Dare Spain answer?

The struggle was brought to a close by General Martinez Campos, who assured the Cubans that Spain would grant to them self-

government and allow them to send deputies to the Cortes. The electoral law, however, was so framed that at no time have they been able to send more than six and sometimes only three representatives to Madrid, where the Cortes is composed of 430 members—not one against sixty!

#### THE PRESENT WAR.

Of course with such a majority against them little could be done to obtain any reasonable scheme of government for Cuba, but



WHERE MACEO FELL.

finally after sixteen years of ceaseless agitation of the question a proposition was submitted by Minister Abarzuza and approved

by the Spanish Government. These were its provisions, and it was in revolt against their manifest injustice that the present war was begun.

There was to be a Council of Administration, composed of thirty members—fifteen elected by the people and fifteen chosen by the Government. The Captain-General was President, and in addition to the veto he was invested with authority to suspend any number of members of the Council, “*not exceeding a majority,*” and for “*any length of time.*”

Now by the peculiar conditions of the electoral law laid down for Cuba, the Cubans, who number more than 1,400,000, would have had two representatives, and the Spanish residents, who number only 160,000, would have had the other twenty-eight.

But even with this generous working majority and the veto and suspension powers of the Captain-General, Spain reserved to herself the right to declare all legislation ineffective unless approved by the Cortes.

This was the “self-government” offered to Cuba.

The crowning insult and unbearable op-



pression lay in the manner in which this "self-government" was to lure Cuba into a trap in which she would have to sacrifice \$300,000,000, or apparently besmirch her national honor.



THE TROCHA NEAR ARTEMISE.

Spain had in Europe \$200,000,000 of bonds called "Cuban" because (although part of her national debt) the interest on them is paid by the revenues of Cuba.

A loan of \$300,000,000 was contemplated by Spain to redeem these bonds and leave enough to put a little cash into a very empty treasury. Now the proposition was to sub-

mit this plan to the Cuban Council of Administration for approval. This it will be seen was not difficult to obtain by reason of the curious regulations governing that body. And when this result was reached, if Cuba ever became independent, she would be responsible for this tremendous debt foisted upon her by political juggling.

This state of affairs confronted the Cubans when they began the present war.

It is not within the purpose of this article to describe the confused events of the last two years of Cuba. There has been continuous fighting and the insurgents, as they are called, have won many difficult battles. Spain has used against them the usual weapons of tyranny—confiscation, starvation, the hangman's rope, the bribe, torture of women and children. And still the patriots fight on—poorly equipped, poorly fed, they have held their own against the best Spanish troops.

They are led by many of the veterans of the famous Ten Years' War. The old, gray hero Gomez is in command of the field forces—a scattered army of 30,000 men, including the 2,000 veteran insurgents in the

province of Pinar del Rio. Maceo, that brave mulatto—as fine a general as the great Toussaint, who fought the Spaniards a hundred years earlier—was treacherously slain in a skirmish.

But the end is not yet.

The Cuban patriots have been offered a mockery of “Home Rule”—in place of liberty; they have refused. They have demanded absolute freedom from the Spanish yoke; and in the open field they back their demand with the unanswerable logic of war. They have friends in this country. The Cuban Junta, of which Thomas Estrada Palma is chief, has done much to furnish the sinews of the war. The sympathy of every liberty-loving American is with those brave and desperate patriots who are fighting—not hopelessly—for Cuba Libre.

And the end is not yet.





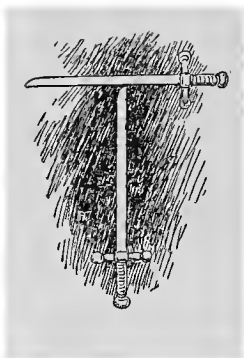
## CHRONOLOGY OF CUBAN EVENTS.

|                                                                                                                         |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Discovered by Columbus.....                                                                                             | 1492 |
| Conquered by Diego Velasquez (Spaniard)...1511-12                                                                       |      |
| Havana Settled by the Spanish.....                                                                                      | 1519 |
| “Laws of the Indies” (Thirty-nine Ordinances<br>for the Government of the Spanish Colonies)<br>signed by Charles I..... | 1542 |
| Morro Castle, built by Don Juan de Tefeda,<br>First Captain-General (about).....                                        | 1590 |
| English Make a Settlement.....                                                                                          | 1741 |
| Havana Taken by the English and Held Eleven<br>Months.....                                                              | 1762 |
| First Anti-Educational Decree.....                                                                                      | 1799 |
| Decree of Spanish Junta Authorizing Cuban<br>Deputies in National Cortes.....                                           | 1810 |
| Constitution Adopted Recognizing Right of<br>Spanish Colonies to Representation in Na-<br>tional Cortes.....            | 1812 |
| Ferdinand VII. Crowned and Constitution of<br>1812 Annulled by His Decree... ..                                         | 1814 |
| Cuba Opened to the Trade of the World.....                                                                              | 1818 |
| Constitution of 1812 Re-adopted by Ferdinand<br>VII.....                                                                | 1820 |
| Constitution of 1812 Abolished for Second Time<br>by Ferdinand and First Cuban Revolt.....                              | 1823 |
| Decree Bestowing Absolute Authority on Cap-<br>tain-General.....                                                        | 1825 |

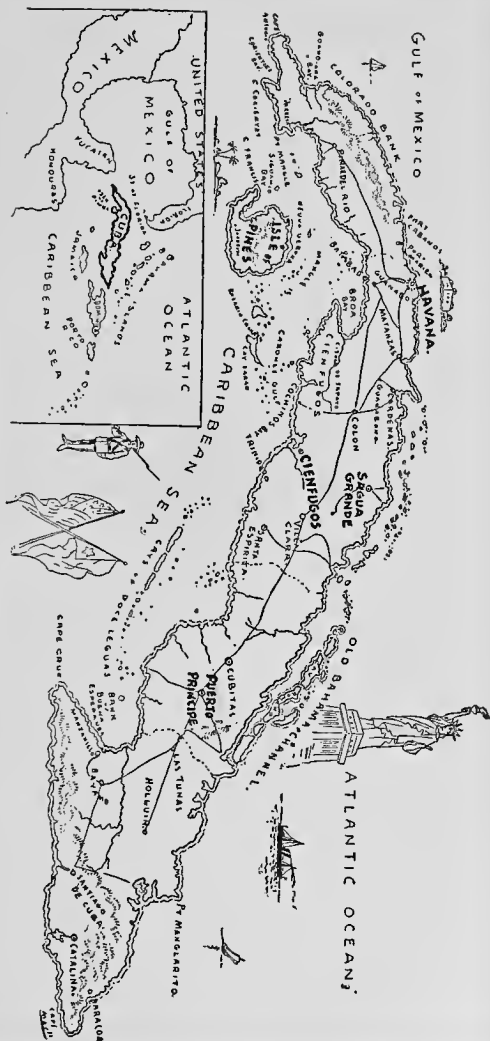
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| Second Cuban Revolt .....                                                                                             | 1826 |
| Prohibitory Educational Decree and Third<br>(Black Eagle) Cuban Revolt....                                            | 1828 |
| Fourth (Soles de Bolivar) Cuban Revolt.....                                                                           | 1830 |
| Death of Ferdinand VII. and Adoption of a<br>New Constitution.....                                                    | 1833 |
| New Constitution Abolished and Constitution<br>of 1812 Revived.....                                                   | 1836 |
| Cuban Delegates, Legally Elected, Refused<br>Admission to the National Cortes.....                                    | 1837 |
| "Lone Star" Society Formed.....                                                                                       | 1848 |
| Fifth Cuban Revolt, Led by Narciso Lopez....                                                                          | 1848 |
| Sixth " " " " " ....                                                                                                  | 1850 |
| Seventh " " " " " ....                                                                                                | 1851 |
| Death of General Lopez.....                                                                                           | 1851 |
| Eighth Cuban Revolt.....                                                                                              | 1855 |
| Cuban Commissioners, Sixteen in Number, Di-<br>rected to Report to Home Government on<br>Condition of the Island..... | 1865 |
| Report of Commissioners Made.....                                                                                     | 1866 |
| Report of Commissioners Ignored and Taxes<br>Increased by Spain.....                                                  | 1867 |
| Beginning of the Ten Years' War.....                                                                                  | 1868 |
| United States Government Decides Not to Rec-<br>ognize the Cubans as Belligerents .....                               | 1870 |
| Rascones Defeats the Marquis Santa Lucia....                                                                          | 1874 |
| A Cuban League Formed in the United States.                                                                           | 1877 |
| End of the Ten Years' War.....                                                                                        | 1878 |
| Ninth Revolt (Calixto Garcia).....                                                                                    | 1879 |
| Agueno Calls on the Cubans to Revolt.....                                                                             | 1883 |
| Unsuccessful American Filibustering Expedi-<br>tion.....                                                              | 1884 |

|                                                                    |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Tenth Revolt (Gomez, Maceo, Crombet).....                          | 1885 |
| Legal Slavery Abolished by the Queen's Decree.                     | 1886 |
| Gov.-Gen. Salamanca Dies; Succeeded by Gen.<br>Rodriguez Arias.... | 1890 |
| Junta Central Issues a Manifesto of Warning to<br>Spain.....       | 1892 |
| Cuban Independence Declared.....                                   | 1895 |









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